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MEMOIRS

OF

REV. N. FESSENDEN,

WITH AN APPENDIX.

THIRD EDITION.

SYRACUSE, N. Y.:
Published for the Author.
1863

PREFACE.

DEAR FRIEND :—As you take up this Memoir, of a poor afflicted blind man, from whom are, "at one entrance, quite shut out" the knowledge and pleasure of this world, let sympathy touch your heart. The outlay is but little ; yet each half dollar will carry from your finger-ends, a heart throb and a purse throb, which shall quicken the tide of a blind man's joy, and awaken new pulsations of hope. It contains, with slight verbal corrections and alterations, the simple personal narrative of one who has been "tried in the furnace of affliction." Think of it, ye who love to see the morning shadows fleeing, and the lucious sunlight flooding the fresh green earth ; ye who drink in pleasures from Nature's sweet and thousand-tinted landscapes,—ye who love to bathe your enrap-

tured eyes and grateful souls in the mellow glow of evening twilight, with its delightful retrospect and myriad soothing memories,—ye who have skirted the star-spangled sky on the fine wrought pinions of fancy, and reveled with speechless delight in your dreamy visions,—ye who have found even a deeper and holier pleasure in looking upon the endeared faces of "loved ones," think upon this man's sorrows. Ye who would bestow a Christian's blessing upon a chastened brother, and his child, and sympathizing wife, Buy this Book. It will do you good, and the blind man's blessing shall be yours.

EDITOR.

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MEMOIRS

OF

REV. N. FESSENDEN.

CHAPTER I.

PARENTAGE,—EARLY INCIDENTS,—CONVERSION.

My father, John Fessenden, was a son of John and Lucy Fessenden, of Vermont. At the age of twenty, he removed with my grandfather to Susquehanna County, Pennsylvania. About four years afterwards, he was married to Mary Barney, daughter of Bennaiah and Elenor Barney, of Choconut, Pennsylvania.

These ancestors, on both sides, were members of the Old School Baptist Church. My father was a deacon in that church, from my earliest recollections.

I was born in the town of Owego, Tioga County, New York. Soon after my birth, our family removed to the town of Choconut, Pa., afterward divided; that part in which my father lived, and still resides, being called Apolacon.

I was the third child of my parents, having a brother and sister who were older. Thus briefly, dear reader, opens the personal history of him who is the humble subject of this autobiography.

Religious impressions, being among my earliest recollections, properly claim an early record in my story.

I became a great lover of the Bible when a very small boy. When about ten years of age, a Colporteur came to my father's, and gave to all the children a small Testament. I loved mine dearly, because it was the Word of God; but I was so very near-sighted, that I could not see to read in mine, which caused me much sorrow and disappointment. I was then attending school, and a fellow-student having a Testament in coarser type, offered to exchange with me for the consideration of one shilling—no small consideration,

to be sure for a Pennsylvania schoolboy,—but the thought of having a New Testament that I could read, animated me, and I hastened home and told my father, and asked him for the money. He seemed not to comprehend my childish thirst for knowledge, and refused to furnish me the money. Alas! had he known how I yearned for the light and comfort of that precious word, he would cheerfully have furnished the means by which to make them mine. Sadly disappointed, and somewhat discouraged, I, in my childish simplicity, thought I would go to the Lord for a shilling; so repairing to the barn, that no one might hear, I fell on my knees and told the Lord my wants. My father happened just then to go to the barn, and overheard my importuning prayer, and, without disturbing me, returned to the house, and when I came in, gave me the money; and the bargain, to me of so much importance, was consummated, and a New Testament was mine.

O! how rich I felt with a book—which, though almost blind from near sightedness—I could read in. I thanked the Lord, over and over again, for the "precious treasure." It was my constant companion;—I kept it, carried it in my pocket thousands of miles in after years, and when it became badly worn, laid it aside, as a valued relic

of my early religious history and struggles of mind.

When about twelve years of age, I became deeply convicted that I was a sinner, in the sight of God. Our day-school was taught by a pious minister, who prayed regularly in his school, and talked to us much about religion, the worth of the soul, the turpitude of sin, the sufferings and death of our Saviour on the cross, &c.

O! the anguish of heart I felt while that servant of God explained to us that, for our sins, for MY sins, the sinless Saviour bled in agony, and wept in grief, and died beneath a world's accumulated woe!

> "He dies! the friend of sinners dies,
> Lo, Salem's daughters weep around:
> A solemn darkness fills the skies,
> A sudden trembling shakes the ground."

He then told us that all this He suffered to save us, *each of us*, and explained how we might come to him and be saved. O, how I desired to make him my Saviour, and then resolved to seek and to serve him.

During that winter there was a protracted meeting. Many found the Saviour precious. Child though I was, I wanted religion, and while mourners crowded the altar of prayer, I, with

them, pressed to the mercy seat, and wrestled for forgiveness. When at the close of the meeting, the minister asked those who had experienced religion to arise, almost unconsciously I sprang to my feet. My teacher came to me and asked me if I thought I had experienced religion; I replied I thought I had. But being very ignorant of the ways of God, and young and timid for the want of proper instruction and encouragement, I made no progress.

About two years afterward, however, an event occurred which made a deep and lasting impression upon my mind. Little sister Emily, a lovely babe of two years, sickened and died. This was a vision of death which I had never seen before; the raven angel came to our hearthstone, and his shadow fell upon my heart. As I gazed upon the marble cheek and lips, from which the dimpled smile and cherub light, and artless prattle had departed for ever, I thought of my little sister in Heaven, among the angels. Solemnly warned of my own mortality, I longed for a preparation to meet her, where eyes are never dim and hearts are never sad. The resolution was again formed to be a Christian.

It may not be uninteresting to note some of the particulars of my experience, and the exercis-

es of my mind at that early stage of my religious life; I distinctly remember that conscience was a faithful monitor, and when tempted to do wrong it would remind me of my solemn vows, and with the finger of light pointing to the path of self-denial and duty, would whisper, "this is the way, walk thou in it." Thus I lived till the age of 14, when the Methodist people had a protracted meeting, about two miles from my father's house. The meeting had been in progress about a week, and though I had not attended any, my mind had been much exercised during the time.

On Saturday, myself and brother—older, went to visit an aunt six miles distant, on the Susquehanna River, and to spend the Sabbath with our cousins; and on Sunday morning the boys proposed to go over the river and buy some apples, and "have a good time." I thought it was wicked to do so, but being the youngest, submitted and went; but, the farther we advanced, the more I was convinced of the wickedness of breaking the Sabbath. O, the weight of guilt I felt! Every step seemed to sink me deeper into misery! I told my companions that we were doing wrong, and that I should go home. They taunted me with being pious,—called me a Methodist, and made all manner of sport of me. But I thought that

the smiles of God, and the approval of a good conscience, a generous compensation for the jeers of my thoughtless persecutors, and made good my retreat, and hastened homeward. A man came along, and kindly gave me a ride, and I was soon home. The family expressed great surprise that I should leave my brother and come home alone through such a storm,—for it was winter, and the snow was falling heavily ; but then I felt an earnest purpose in my soul, conscience warmly throbbing approval at every heart-beat, and the storm could no more daunt me, than the dew can melt the granite rock. Yet, I felt that I was an unforgiven penitent : and O the load of sorrow that pressed down my spirit.

That night I went to the meeting, and when the solemn invitation was given for mourners to come forward, I was found among the group, resolved to seek until I found "peace in believing, and joy in the Holy Ghost." After a few nights of earnest wrestling, "thanks be to God," I obtained the blessed evidence.

> "My God is reconciled ;
> His pard'ning voice I hear,—
> He owns me for his child,
> I can no longer fear."

My soul was filled with love and peace,—a

calm and heavenly peace,—the peace of God, unutterable, glorious, complete. My heart leaped upon the wings of song, and I exulted with the Poet:

> "O happy bond, that seals my vows
> To Him who merits all my love;
> Let cheerful anthems fill the house,
> While to his altar now I move.
> 'Tis done, the great transaction's done;
> I am my Lord's, and he is mine,
> He drew me, and I followed on,
> Rejoiced to hear the call divine."

CHAPTER II.

EXPERIENCE,—BAPTISM,—UNION WITH THE CHURCH, —CALL TO THE MINISTRY.

At the close of the meetings, I united with the class on probation. It was my constant prayer, "Lord teach me thy will." In a few weeks the opportunity was given for those who had been converted to go forward in baptism. O what a desire I had to go with the rest of the young converts; it seemed that I could not forego the privilege, but father thought I had better wait a while. He thought I was deceived, as he did not believe in protracted meetings, and Methodist doctrines.

He said that he waited six years, to test his conversion, before he received baptism and joined the Church, and he thought if I could wait as long as that, and live religion, I might then conclude that I was a child of God. O how sad I felt to see others go forward in this sacred duty, and I not permitted to join them! I met with much discouragement from some who ought to have aided me in my struggles; but the conduct

of one brother toward me I shall always remember with gratitude. He was a good Methodist brother, who lived near my father's, by the name of Dubois. He often took me to meeting with him, would talk with me and encourage my young heart, when yielding to the discouragements that surrounded me.

No heart that throbs with true impulses,—no heart, enlightened and warmed by those exquisite sentiments of meekness, love and gratitude, which religion breathes into the regenerated soul, can esteem lightly or soon forget the kind solicitude or christian offices of a godly man, who watches the pulsations of its new life, and its ever-varying hopes and impulses,—the rise and fall of its tides, the ebb and flow of its feelings,—the coming and going of its light, and joy, and comfort, under the combined discouragements and heavenly motives, and divine forces, that wrestle each for the mastery over the young soldier of the cross. A word of encouragement then, a word throbbing with sympathy, charged with the electric power of a kind emotion, and glowing with the light and warmth of Christian love, how it comes like an angel to the weak and trembling adventurer in the ways of piety, to breathe strength, and ardor, and hopefulness, and peace,

into the yielding heart. And he who speaks such words, and bestows such pious solicitude upon the youthful Christian, can but live as a benefactor in the grateful memories of after years ; and, verily, he " shall receive a disciple's reward."

I struggled on, amid opposition, until my probation had expired ; but as my parents were opposed to Methodism, I did not come into full connection, but remained on probation another six months, to await the openings of Providence.

In less than a year after this revival, many who were among its blessed fruits, had gone to eternity. O, what unspeakable gratitude was felt, especially by mourning friends, that such a timely work had been wrought, and that it had resulted in the salvation of those who were destined so soon to try the hopes of the Gospel and the faith of the atonement, in the stern ordeal of death. They had embraced the Saviour, and his rod and staff comforted them in the dark valley and turbid waters of their passage, and they anchored, we trust, in Heaven's safe harbor.

About this time, I began to mingle with the Free Will Baptists. We had seasons of rich refreshing. Our assemblies were " heavenly places in Christ Jesus." After a space of six months, I joined this denomination as a candidate for Bap-

tism, though I did not receive the ordinance for near a year afterwards. I remember vividly the anxiety I felt to take up that cross; it seemed that I could not longer live in the neglect of so solemn and interesting a duty,—one upon which I had so long and so strongly felt the impressions of the Holy Spirit. It was my prayer daily, that God would open the way, and make the path of duty plain before my feet, and give me grace according to my day and trial.

At length a time was appointed for baptism. and my heart leaped for joy. I praised God for his goodness in thus granting me the long-cherished desire of my heart, and it became my constant concern to know that I was fully prepared to receive this solemn and significant ordinance. My constant prayer was: "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" Make me to know my heart,—teach me thy will; let thy right hand guide me, Saviour, TO THEE, TO THEE, I fly!

> "In my hand no price I bring,
> Simply to thy cross I cling.
> Let the water and the blood
> From thy wounded side which flowed,
> Be of sin a double cure,
> Save from wrath, and make me pure."

When the day arrived I was filled with joy; my soul was happy in God, and I went to the

place of worship with a light heart. Rev. Asa Dodge preached, and after sermon I was called on to state my experience.

O what heights of rapture filled my soul while I tried to talk; I hardly knew whether I was in the body or out. After dismissal, we repaired to the water's edge. There was one candidate besides me, and the contrast between us was very affecting,—I being a boy, and he a Revolutionary Soldier, bending under the weight and hardships of ninety years. He was refreshed as with new wine, and walked half a mile in his wet garments. I went home rejoicing in the Saviour's love,—for

"Beneath the cross the blessing lies."

And I could sing:

"Now rest my long divided heart,
Fixed on this blissful center, rest:
Now I have found a nobler part,—
Now heavenly pleasures fill my breast.
High Heaven that heard the solemn vow,—
That vow renewed shall daily hear,
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear."

From that time I continued on, striving to do the will of God, and seeking a deeper work of grace in my heart. I often enjoyed peace which the world knoweth not of, and could sing with the Poet:

"Not a cloud doth arise
To darken my skies,
Or hide for a moment
My Love from my eyes."

Again I would yield to temptation, and meeting with trials very severe, would feel my unworthiness more than ever before; and then my language was: Lord, what am I, that thou art mindful of me, and visitest me with so many blessings?

The fall before I was nineteen, I commenced holding meetings for prayer at private houses,—they grew in numbers and in interest. We removed them to the School House, and soon sinners began to cry for mercy. Elder Mason, F. W. Baptist, and Bro. Fairchild, M. E., Licensed Preachers, were sent for to conduct the meetings. We had precious seasons. God wonderfully revived his work among us; many were brought to the Saviour and made happy in his love. I was active in these meetings, seeking to do what I could for the glory of God, and I enjoyed rich baptisms of his grace. Often did I exclaim from the heart:

"O happy day that fixed my choice
On thee, my Saviour and my God."

I now stood upon the threshold of a very interesting period of my career in life. Up to this

time my life had not received the stamp of any distinct and controlling purpose. I had, it is true, felt a general responsibility for activity and usefulness in the world, and knew that the claims of religion were most solemnly upon me in this direction: but a particular channel of labor,—which of the thousand levers of usefulness to seize upon,—how and by what means, and in what department, I should go forth, were as yet unsettled questions with me.

Towards the close of these meetings, my mind began to be very much exercised touching these questions; and I felt that God was about to call me to labor more prominently in his vineyard. Tongue cannot tell the trial and concern of mind which these reflections occasioned me. God seemed to be writing upon my heart the commission, "Go preach my Gospel to a lost world." What, I a poor uneducated boy, with eyes so imperfect as but feebly to transmit the knowledge which the light of this world brings; it cannot be! I *am* mistaken! God would not call me to a work so great. But again the commandment came: Go preach to sinners lost; Go tell them of a risen Saviour. O, my Father and my God! is it I? Who is sufficient for these things? I pray thee lay not this work on one so weak as I. Then the

crushing thought would press my mind, "Woe is me, if I preach not the Gospel of the Son of God." Then came the sweet promise: "My grace shall be sufficient for thee;" "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee. In all places where thou art I will be with thee."

Thus I struggled for several weeks, eating and sleeping but little; I became careworn; parents thought I would be sick, and remonstrated against my going to meeting so much. Ah! they little knew the burden that was weighing down my spirit!

One night, after meeting, Brp. Mason went out, and I followed him, and when we were alone, with a trembling heart, I began to relate to him some of the exercises of my mind. Such were my feelings while talking, that my whole frame shook. I had never before unburdened my mind to him nor any one, and supposed that no one guessed the convictions of my mind; I told him he would be surprised at my having such an idea. O, no, said he, I know what the Lord is calling you to do; I have been talking with the brethren about it, and they have no objection to your doing your duty in obeying the commandment of the Lord.

Time passed on, and in a few weeks a number

of the converts were to be baptized; and at the baptism, there was an appointment made for me, at the School House, where we had attended school. It was a great undertaking to preach before my school-mates, and I felt great anxiety as to the result; I thought but few would take the trouble to come and hear me, but, to my surprise, there were more present than could get into the house.

Some came to worship God; and others, from curiosity, to hear what the boy would say. Some came eleven miles, having heard that a young convert was to preach; and much curiosity was manifest in this unexpected demonstration.

The hour having arrived, I entered the pulpit, much embarrassed, hardly knowing what to do; but the cheering promise came to my relief, "My grace shall be sufficient for thee," to which I responded, "My Lord, I will trust in thee."

I commenced, and my embarrassment gradually wore away, and I had good liberty. The text which I chose, was this: "Fear not, little flock; it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom."

There was one little incident, connected with this my initiatory effort, which was somewhat amusing. A doctor, who resided in the place,

came in with an air of consequence,—pencil and paper in hand, to delineate my sermon ; but to his disappointment, I gave such rapid utterance, that he could not keep pace with my movements, and gave up the idea.

On the next Sabbath, I repeated my effort, in the same place ; and though in much weakness, yet the Lord upheld me by his supporting grace, and on the next Sabbath I held meeting in Bowing Hollow, a place five miles from my father's. The spirit of the Lord was there with us, and we were made to rejoice in a Saviour's love.

At the next covenant meeting, I received license to preach. This was an event of solemn import to me. There are seasons in human life, points in the experience of every one, that transfix themselves upon the page of personal history, in deep impressions and imperishable monuments, —points in which center the forces,—eras unfolding the magnitude and character of causes and agencies, which have moulded and stereotyped the ultimate aims and purposes of life. If these points are well turned,—if these crises are marked by clear and correct convictions, deep and noble impulses, and are guided to the development of high principles and holy interests, life will then receive the type of exalted utility and in-

creased blessedness. On the other hand, if these periods are met with little concern, or are yielded to the control of low passions, hasty impulses, selfish, impatient and unholy promptings and unworthy principles, life becomes a failure,—a sad wreck of gifts, relations and interests, divine and sacred in themselves,—in the sedulous improvement of which, the greatest good accrues,—in the forfeiture of which all is lost, and pain, regret, remorse, despair ensue.

The beginning of "life for one's self," the choice of an occupation or profession, the formation of our religious views, habits and connections, the selections of a companion to tread life's way by our side, are prominent among the ordeals which each must meet in the course of this life of adventures and responsibilities. These and other passages in human history, present issues of unbounded moment,—a mis-step at any one of these points may be a step into ruin!

Here I stood, a young Christian disciple, at the threshold of life, with its opening paths of activity and interest before me, weak, trembling, unlearned,—all my convictions pressing me to be an ambassador of Christ and his Gospel, and nothing but the grace of God as my surety in this work, I felt a responsibility which I had nev-

er felt before! I sought to dedicate myself anew to the Saviour, and looked for wisdom from on high. O how incompetent I was for the work which devolved upon me: yet, by divine aid, I resolved to do what I could to build up truth and holiness in the world, and lead sinners to Christ; and I felt my soul girded up for the work before me.

CHAPTER III.

PARTICULARS OF TRAVELS AND LABORS UNTIL THE YEAR 1847.

MY brethren sympathized with me in my near-sightedness, and one gave seventy-five cents to get a pair of glasses. I obtained a pair, but they did not improve my sight.

During that summer, I continued to hold meetings on Sabbath days, seeking to follow the indications of Providence. In the fall, I went to Newfield, and held protracted meetings. I left Little Meadows, I think, in Nov., and went with Bro. Mason to Candor; staid at his house the first night, and next day went to Newfield, a distance of twenty miles. Bro. M. had a funeral to attend in Candor; and we did not set out from there till three o'clock, and, as the roads were bad, our progress was slow, and it grew dark long before we reached our journey's end; it was so very dark that one of us had to go in advance and pilot the horse. When we arrived at our stopping place, the family were in bed; they arose, and warmed and fed us, and it was mid-

night before we retired. We were very much fatigued, and our clothes were badly bespattered with mud. Next morning was Sabbath, and went three miles to Bro. Mason's appointment ; in the afternoon we returned a mile and a half, where Bro. M. had another appointment, and in the evening I tried to preach where we were in the morning.

Thus was I fairly initiated as a Licensed Preacher. An appointment was that evening made for me to continue meetings at this place till Bro. Mason's return, a period of four weeks. I was very zealous, and without experience, did not pause to look for prospects and indications much, but continued the effort in good faith for three weeks, with but little success. Yet a few were interested,—there were but few of the Baptists there. Opposition was ascendant; I became somewhat discouraged, and at times thought I would go home. Again my courage would rally, and I felt a gracious strength girding me up for the ordeal.

At the close of three weeks, I closed these meetings, and went to Nettles School House, took my positions, and opened a bombardment upon the fortress of darkness and the armies of sin, with but little effect. Nothing seemed as yet to

move: opposition was rife, circumstances were not favorable, my feeble efforts did not seem to compass the arduous work,—faith did not quite fasten upon the arm invisible, and the seige was near a failure.

I then went to South Section, a distance of four miles, and opened another campaign. The brethren had a mind to work, and all took hold as one man. They besieged a "Throne of Grace," and wrestled mightily; and the burden of their cry was: "Lord revive thy work." Prayer availed, the work of the Lord was revived,—about fifteen were converted and a number reclaimed, and Christians were much strengthened.

I had concluded when Bro. M. came round again, to go home, as I had then been absent seven weeks, longer than I had ever before been from my father's hearthstone,—my mother's side,—my brothers and sisters,—the companions of my youth and home of my childhood. How my heart lingered in the presence of these fond associations, and when absent, how I yearned again to lave my weary heart at the fountain of pure enjoyment,—fed by a mother's kind words, a father's sage counsels, and the sweet communings of brothers and sisters, the loved ones of home.

O, there is a sweet and blessed resting of the heart in the warm associations and fond securities of home, which cannot be found elsewhere this side of Heaven. I thought of each loved one, and longed to greet them again; but then my heart was turned to the world, the sinning, sorrowing, perishing world, and I thought how the burden of this weight of woe was resting on the heart of Jesus,—how in mercy he bore it for me, and for millions; I felt that the most that I could endure and accomplish for him and the dear "purchase of his blood," would be little: O how little! in view of what he had suffered and done for me; I responded, "I will forego the pleasure, and work for thee, O Lord!"

I tarried another week. On Sabbath they took up a collection for me,—the first aid I had received for preaching. During the week the ladies remembered me, and kindly bestowed their gifts upon me; I received socks to the amount of 20 pairs.

The next week, three young men, who had experienced religion during the revival, went home with me. My heart leaped for joy as we started, and the sweet sentiment, "Homeward bound," thrilled my mind.

When we arived at Candor, I bought a Refer-

ence Bible, which was the first Bible I had ever owned, and when we came to Owego, I sold a part of my socks and bought Buck's Theological Dictionary. I was pleased with the new acquisitions, and felt that my preacher's armory was quite enlarged. When we arrived at father's, there were happy greetings and mutual rejoicings. Some were anxious I should preach that evening, so an appointment was made, and an *effort* ditto.

After a sojourn of one night at home, I thought that I must be about my Master's business, and parting words were exchanged,—the "good bye" meaningly spoken, and speedily I was en route for Princess Hollow, where I commenced a series of meetings, which continued three weeks, with favorable results,—a goodly number professed the faith of the Gospel.

An interesting incident occurred during this meeting. A man professing to be a Universalist, gave me a text, one day: Isaiah xxix., 11. It was supposed that he thought to thus frighten me, and that I would leave the place; but weak as I was, I was not willing to be foiled without manly effort. I took up the text, and trusted to God for help. After meeting, he invited me to

go home with him, and dine: he expressed entire satisfaction with my sermon.

Soon after this, I had to leave and attend my other appointments; and on the last evening of the meeting, I felt very certain that some one was grieving the Holy Spirit for the last time. I remarked to the congregation, that some person was there resisting the Spirit, from whom the Holy Messenger was about to depart for ever, and that this poor prisoner of despair would be in eternity before my return in two weeks. O how solemnly I felt at that moment! As I closed my remarks, an individual arose and left the house, saying as he went out, "Now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace." I left the place next morning, and heard nothing more from there till my return. As I came back, and neared the place, I saw a new made grave, and at once conjectured the sad fact, that this poor man was dead. So it was.

I spoke that evening, and the family of the deceased were there, and at the close of service invited me home with them. That home was a solemn place, even to me;—a large family in bereavement, and not one of them could look to their Heavenly Father for consolation,—not one enjoyed a Saviour's love. O! thought I, it must

be a sad thing to live in this world of sorrow, beneath these shadows of grief, and amid the desolating ravages of death, without the comforts of grace. Again I promised to be more faithful in warning sinners "to flee the wrath to come."

Soon Bro. Mason sent for me to help him in a protracted effort on Nickols Hill, six miles from my father's. When I arrived, Bro. M. was away, and the brethren were having a prayer and conference meeting. The power of God was with them,—some were praying, some shouting, and others lay helpless upon the floor. Various were my feelings as I looked upon the scene before me. What does this amount to? Is it religion? I had been brought up to believe that such things were improper, and that there was no religion about it. O what a trial it was to me; I had never been in such a place before; all were happy but myself; I sat and pondered, and wrestled with my misgivings. Meeting was dismissed, and an appointment given out for me to preach in the evening. When the hour came, I began to preach, and the people began to shout. Soon one after another began to fall helpless to the floor. I was astounded, and moreover confounded; they broke me down as completely as though that had been the concerted aim of this vociferous demonstra-

tion. I yielded, discomfited completely, if not fairly. I might have chanted a refrain that would have been eminently *apropos* to my present position, in the use of the rude stanza, sometimes sung:

"O, if you want to shout,
Why, then, just shout it out."

I meditated seriously upon these developments, as they presented a new phase of religious experience to my mind.

These results could not be owing to weak-mindedness, as candid thinking persons were affected in this way; it could not be a mere Methodist excitement, as Baptists and Presbyterians were also subject to it. One backslidden Presbyterian attended the meetings very steadily, and, when one evening his wife was prostrate upon the floor, he went to her and looked at her a moment, and then, with a sigh, turned, kneeled at a bench, and began to wrestle for forgiveness, and soon he was happy in Christ. Many were converted and reclaimed in these meetings, several of whom were heads of families.

Soon after this, at a regular Quarterly Meeting, I was examined and licensed to preach. It was a trying time for me; my fears damaged me very materially; like frightened birds, my ideas

had either skulked beneath the rubbish of memory, or dissolved into etherial dimness; I found that my broad and ample views of topics, were dreadfully collapsing into nutshell dimensions, and I felt that in the presence of this ecclesiastical umpire, my ministerial dignity was quite a questionable affair. However, I had some success, and the trial passed, as "every dark day," it is said, will pass.

One of the Elders asked me if I had not better go and take up my appointments, and tell the people that I was not called of God to preach. I then had regular appointments at Newfield and Candor. O, how this suggestion disheartened me! I thought, to be sure, they are all against my receiving license. I did not know what to do! I wept and prayed, that God would show me the path of duty more clearly. But, finally, my case was reported favorably, and I was licensed. My appointments were now twenty miles apart, and I bought me a horse, and a brother gave me a saddle, and I rode on horseback, spending half my time at each place.

I had a good home in Candor, with a man who gave religion its appropriate first place always; and being a large farmer, he would, in the busiest season, gather in his men in the morn-

ing, and spend half an hour in family devotion. Some of his neighbors thought this an extravagant waste of time. He had a brother who could not afford time for devotion when he had hired hands; but the brother, who daily sought God's blessing, prospered much more than the other.

At Candor, I saw the desolating tendencies of that mis-named farce, called "Unionism." The winter previous to my labors there, a preacher, calling himself a Unionist, held a protracted meeting there, and about forty were said to have been converted, and they were taught that Church organizations, creeds, &c., were all wrong,—and were left, like young and tender lambs, exposed to the world's bleak winds and pelting storms, without fold or protection; and the effect was, not three living Christians of the number were left when I went there.

Our meetings during the Summer, were somewhat prosperous. At a two day's meeting, in Newfield, we had a good time. Several, who had experienced religion during my services there, were received to Church fellowship. Once during that summer, I visited my father's home, got my clothes repaired, and, at my departure, my brother gave me a new suit, so that I was quite "fixed up." With this new regime I set off on

horseback, valise behind, all in the most approved style of itinerant locomotion ; but when about half a mile from home, my prancing steed misplaced his foot and stumbled, projecting me unceremoniously headlong into a slough. "He that exalteth himself, shall be abased," came to me immediately,—a portion in due season.

I was in a dilemma,—I did not like to go back, and was too muddy to go on : but, after a moment's reflection, I concluded to button my overcoat around me, and ride on to one of my stopping places. I tarried over night, and they having cleaned my clothes, I very cheerfully thanked them, and went on my way.

In the fall of 1844, I held a protracted meeting among the Reformed Methodists, in connection with Rev. Delos Whiting, minister of that Church in Vestal township. We had many precious seasons during the meetings,—some very noisy times,—often twelve or fourteen praying at once. This did not quite agree with my sense of propriety and solemnity in worship ; yet we had happy times, and I think there were 20 or 25 converted.

I went from this place to the Baptist Church, in the east part of the town ; held some meetings there, and engaged to preach once in four

weeks. I left this place for Winecup, with a Baptist Elder,—stayed first night with Bro. Lott, in Barton. In the morning, I felt depressed, and wished to go back, but the Elder urged me, and I went on. We opened a meeting, but had many things to contend with. There was a tavern just across the road, at which there was a gathering for amusement every night. The Church not having had any preacher for a long time, was in a low state; yet we toiled faithfully, and in due time the sullen darkness broke, and the light began to pour upon us, and a goodly number were newly made to rejoice in that light. We gave God the glory, for it was the Lord's doings, and marvelous in our eyes.

On my home return, I stopped in Barton, and held a few meetings. I had, this year, regular appointments at Newfield and Candor, and, during the last of the year, at Winecup, and in the East of Vestal.

In the year 1845, I had regular services in Vestal and Winecup, and also at Barton and Heaton Settlement. The Church at Winecup was in the Bradford Quarterly Meeting; and in August, 1845, I was invited to attend their meeting, held some fifteen or twenty miles from Elmira,—place not remembered. Started on

Thursday with the delegates; went to Rhode's Hill, and spent the night with a Bro. Canan; I preached at his house in the evening. Next morning, betimes, we started for the meeting, twenty-five in number, through the woods. The men walked, and the women rode in wagons; I was on horseback.

We arrived at our journey's end, tired, jaded, hungry. The people seemed taken aback on our arrival; did not expect so many; were not prepared. Yet we got the "outer man" replenished, and went to meeting, and in the evening, the friends were assigned their several homes for the night. All found places. Myself and a delegate were committed to the hospitalities of a Dutchman; and as soon as the service closed, the people started unceremoniously for home, leaving their guests to find, by instinct, or chance, the places whither they should go; but "mine host" were respectfully called back,—a more satisfactory "plan of movements" was secured, and we soon found lodgings, and "tired nature's sweet restorer," balmy sleep,—grateful in cot as in palace,—in the rude wood as in the gilded city,—worn man's most welcome minister of soothing, ravishing repose, and restoration.

Our domicil was a small shanty. We were

soon seated by a large fire-place, from which the crackling embers and clear sheeted blaze sent forth a cheer over the hearth-stone and our hearts. After a few moments, the old lady said: "I told them I wanted some of our folks to come home with us, and here they have sent this preacher; I did not want him; he is the proudest one among the whole." Good innocent old dame! God bless her! and the goodly race which she represents. I was not proud; but though the criterion by which she adjudged me thus was faulty and characteristic, yet, doubtless, she was a meek and pious mother in Israel; and when she could ease the burden, or comfort the body of the faithful, humble minister of Jesus, she would, with cheerfulness and magnanimity—as only such mothers know—forego a good bed, and hours of required sleep and rest, to do it. God's blessing on all such simple, honest, generous souls.

Bed-time was at hand, and the good lady gave her only bed to us, while she and her husband couched on the floor. I slept but little till day-break. The man arose and went out to kill a sheep for breakfast; and while this was being done, I got a little sleep. They brought in the sheep, to prepare for breakfast, and the dog and cat assumed, *de facto*, claim No. 1, and "pitched

in" accordingly. Comrade and self arose, and took a morning walk, and met the President of the meeting, who was in pursuit of us. He was sorry they had sent us to this rude place. As a Methodist family, near the School House, had desired me to stay with them, I went and had a pleasant home.

I tried to preach on Saturday, and again Sabbath P. M. My sermon, on the Sabbath, gave great offence. I spoke from the word *Tekel*, directing my discourse mostly to the Church, showing the most prominent traits in the Christian character, &c., and told them that without these features they would be weighed in the balance, and found wanting—that the weighing time would come, and if they had not formed their character by the light and power of Bible truths, with the Bible on one side, themselves on the other, in the day of judgment they would be weighed, and found wanting, and then it would be too late to repent.

At dismissal, a member of the Church asked me if I had heard of the difficulty in the Church. He thought I had, from my sermon, and that I designed to be personal in my remarks; he really thought some one had told all about it; but I was very innocently in the dark on the subject,

and, whatever may have been, "in due season," in that direction, was not of "malice aforethought.

I now returned to my meetings in Vestal. Our services were spiritual and interesting. During the Summer and early in the Fall, a revival broke out among us. The effort was protracted about six weeks, and was the most interesting one I ever attended; a large number were converted and reclaimed. The converts were bright and strong; between sunset and dark, they could be heard, in any direction, singing the praises of God, on their way to the place of worship. Many had learned to sing,—

"O, happy day, when Jesus washed my sins away."

About this time, I attended the Owego Quarterly Meeting, of which I was a member, held in East Troy. It was a time of refreshing from the Lord, and we were made to rejoice on account of his presence among us. Thence I went home, with a Bro. Canady, and preached in his house three evenings,—thence to Vestal.

Through the Fall and Winter, I held meetings at different places, where there were openings. In the house of a Bro. Canady, who kept an inn at South Creek, about eight miles from Troy, I held meetings one week. There was one little

circumstance in connection with these meetings, which had a *great moral* to it, from which ministers might well profit. An old Elder, of the Baptist Church, had driven his horse all day, and reached this brother's late at night; his horse, tired and hungry, was left in the hands of a boy —the Elder being a cripple—and the next morning, to his great surprise, he found that his horse had stood all night without anything to eat.

During this year, I held a meeting in Ridgebury, between two and three weeks, with good success; some professed religion, and others were reclaimed, and believers were greatly strengthened and caused to rejoice.

At the close of this effort, the Deacon arose, and spoke of taking a collection for me, saying that I had labored with them some time, &c.; I told them I sought to devote my whole time to preaching the Word, and exhorting sinners, and whatever they might give would be gratefully received and appreciated. A Baptist Elder, living in the place arose and said: "I am opposed to any such move; I work for my living, and the brother can go home and work for his." I at once dismissed the service, without giving them a chance to do or say anything farther. I went home with the Deacon, who lived near the

School House, and many came in and seemed dissatisfied with the Elder's procedure; the hat was passed, giving those who desired, a chance to help me, and I got a good collection,—no doubt more than I should have received at the School House.

The donors did not probably fully understand how much good this tribute of kindness and bestowal of material sympathy did me, nor how much it encouraged and strengthened me,—not considered as mere temporal aid, nor of itself constituting a motive to incite my zeal, but as indicating their appreciation of my honest devotion to the cause of my Master, and furnishing also a suitable rebuke to the selfish and conceited spirit, which had more than once been manifest on the part of the ministers of our Church.

From this place I went up Seeley Creek, ten or fifteen miles from Elmira, where was a small Baptist Church,—I think in what is called Wolf's Settlement. Here my faith was wonderfully shaken; I met with trials that I had never anticipated. When I arrived at the place, I called on the Deacon; he received me very kindly. I preached on Sabbath morning and evening, and had a very good meeting. At the close of the evening meeting, a brother came to me, and

asked me to go home with him. I complied. The family had retired when we got in, and in the morning, when the lady appeared, I said: "Good morning" to her, but she made no reply. She proceeded to get breakfast, and then left the room. I was surprised at this strange procedure; but we ate, had devotions, and sat in conversation for some time; yet the woman did not make her appearance. I queried on this paradoxical case much, and at last submitted my difficulty to the Deacon. He told me there had been a man in those parts, by the name of Charles Fessenden, a preacher in the Baptist Church, who was a very bad man, and had done very bad things, and, as my name was Fessenden, the people thought I must be the one; but they soon became convinced that I was not the man, as he was much older than I; for at this time I was but 21 years of age; yet some would say, they are of the same name, and must be related,—perhaps he is a brother, and just as bad, we will have nothing to do with him. I remained here one week, and some became satisfied that I was neither Charles Fessenden, nor his brother.

From this point I returned home, and soon commenced meetings at the Big-Island, four miles from Owego. The spirit of the Lord was

poured out to some extent, although an event occurred here which was an injury to the meeting, and a great trial to me. A young man came to me and wanted to borrow my horse for a few days; and as I had just then no use for him, and knew the man to be of a respectable family in Candor, and also a professor of religion, I let him take the horse; and he, with a young lawyer, went to Candor, and said that they bought the horse of a Baptist preacher. They went down into Pennsylvania, and sold the horse. The time came for them to return, and they did not come, nor could I hear from them. Becoming uneasy, I set out in pursuit of the truants. I found that they had sold the horse, and went to the State Attorney, and laid the case before him, and made oath to the facts. His brother came and wished to settle it, which I agreed to do for $40. I succeeded in getting $30, and the rest I lost.

About this time there arose a great excitement about the fame of one Doctor Walters, living in Bethel, who, it was said, could cure a person by knowing their name and age. Curiosity led me to go and see him. I started, and went as far as the North Settlement, near Odessa, and called on a Methodist brother, by the name of

Beardsley, who informed me that there was a Baptist Church in the place; and I staid and preached for them a few evenings, and then went down the lake, about thirty miles,—preached in several places, and returned home.

While I was gone, the snow went, and the ground broke up. There was a terrible freshet which did extensive damage. I found no difficulty in making my way home, till I came to Spencer,—there the water was up to my horse's sides; however, I got along without serious trouble, and came safely to my father's house. Rumors had gone home, that I was drowned, and when I rode up, my three sisters came out filled with joy and astonishment, and the first words uttered, were:—"Why, Nelson, is that you? Are you alive? We heard you were drowned."

During the year 1846, I continued to preach in Vestal, once in four weeks; and there was a place in the west part of Newfield, where, as they had no preaching, I engaged to preach for a year. At the Owego Quarterly Meeting, in the Spring, there was something said about my being ordained. This step was delayed for a little time, during which I removed my membership to Newfield, where I was then laboring.

With a brief record of two of the most solemn

and important events of my life, I close this chapter. On the 7th of November, 1846, a counsel was called, at the Church in Newfield, and I was examined and ordained. This, was to me a scene of deep interest. I felt that the vows which I had taken were very sacred, and my prayer was; O Lord, grant me Thy grace, that I may faithfully keep them, and never bring a reproach upon Thy name.

In September, 1846, I was married to Hannah Breed, of the town of Vestal, Broome Co., N. Y. In connection with these solemn events, I sought to consecrate myself more wholly to God,—"for him to live and die." Toward the close of this year, I held a few meetings in Stillson Hollow, town of Windsor, and engaged to preach there a part of the time.

CHAPTER IV.

LABORS AND TRIALS IN WINDSOR—FIRST ACQUAINTANCE WITH THE WESLEYANS—WITHDRAWAL FROM THE BAPTISTS—UNION WITH THE WESLEYANS—FIRST CIRCUIT—SICKNESS AND DEATH OF MY WIFE.

In the Spring of 1847, we began "housekeeping" in the parsonage at Stillson Hollow. My wife was soon after taken sick; had for years enjoyed poor health, and now became weak and helpless as a child. After we were settled, I wrote to the church of which I was a member in Newfield, for a letter of dismissal; waited some time, and not receiving it, I started on foot a distance of seventy miles to go after it. Their reason for not sending the letter, was a rather singular one, viz: that when I administered to them the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper, I did not partake myself, and they did not know the reason. I told them that it was simple embarrassment resulting from my inexperience, and that I did not note the mistake till the meeting was closed.

I had afterwards been there and preached to them, but no one had ever mentioned it to me till now. I obtained my testimonial, and joined the church at Stillson Hollow, and the Gibson Quarterly Meeting.

My wife's health having improved, a day was set for her baptism, as she had never received the ordinance. We repaired to the banks of the beautiful Susquehanna, where I preached a sermon, and Elder Wilkins administered the ordinance of baptism. In my sermon I dwelt upon the Divinity of Christ, and said among other things that Christ was very God and very man, and if so he must have possessed a human body and a human soul, &c. To my great surprise, at the Elder's next appointment, he took for his text: "Great is the mystery of Godliness. God manifest in the flesh," &c., and his proposition was that Christ was a human being possessed of a Divine soul. He labored hard to prove it, and perhaps did in the minds of some. He said: "those who believe that Christ had a human soul, are mistaken." He, contrary to his custom, closed the service without giving me an opportunity to speak. Before the congregation dispersed, however, I took the liberty to say that at some future time I would attempt to prove my position, stat-

ing that it was Trinitarian doctrine, and was held as orthodoxy by the Free-Will Baptist Church. At my second appointment after this, I took up the subject and aimed to prove by the Bible, Free-Will Baptist and other Trinitarian authors, that Christ possessed a *distinct* and *complete* human nature. I was informed that at the next Covenant meeting, he acknowledged himself to have been in an error. But here was seen an instance of that sort of unreasonable and unjust personal preference and social bias which is not the least evil of Christian Society, nor the least embarrassment of the minister against whom these things exert an influence in community. The people in the Church were much attached to him, and though I gained in this argument what he admitted, and probably all saw to be the truth, I soon found that I had also gained the displeasure of the Church in taking the position I had. However, I esteemed the approval of God better than the friendship of men, and felt that if I had been instrumental in defending so vital a point in the "faith once delivered to the saints" as that in question, I had reason for gratitude after all.

A minister's life is made up of the most thrillingly interesting events and circumstances. None

have deeper conflicts, nor holier triumphs than he. None have fiercer trials, nor greater deliverances ; none more wearing anxieties and griefs, nor more abounding consolations. If he is a man of faith in God, he often feels almighty girdings while he looks away to the hills from whence cometh his help, and often the beautiful sentiment of David, " Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning," falls like the serenade of hope upon his heart, and distils like healing oil upon his spirit.

" Who suffer with our Master here,
Shall soon before his face appear,
And at his side sit down.
To patient hope the prize is sure :
And all who to the end endure
The cross, shall wear the crown."

My wife was again prostrated by sickness. I had a note to pay at the first of September. The Church aided me but little, and what to do I did not know. It was near haying time, and I thought of trying to get employment at that ; but I was not rugged, and my poor sick companion needed my presence. I finally however, concluded to try the hay-field. I went to a deacon, and he refused to hire me lest I should not earn my wages! I then presented my case to a Methodist brother, and he said he would hire

me for a month and give me seventeen dollars whether I earned it or not. This would just pay the note due in September, and I accepted the offer.

I had done no field work in five years; had to be broken of my rest more or less nights, and attended my appointments Sabbaths; all of which wore hard on body and mind. At a yearly meeting held in Dryden, I met with uncalled for opposition in certain quarters, and in the midst of all these trials I should have been disheartened, had it not been for the precious words of Jesus: "My grace shall be sufficient for thee.

I continued to work by the day to support my family till Fall, when the people outside of the Church made us a donation which helped us very much. Our hearts swelled with gratitude at this act of kindness, and we prayed for the blessing of the Great Giver to rest upon their heads and hearts. Often does the Church receive a just rebuke for their unpardonable neglect towards those who administer to them in spiritual things, and often is the minister's heart drawn toward those outside his flock by such offices of kindness.

My wife has been under the doctor's care from the time we went to house-keeping, yet she was but little benefited. After the donation the doc-

tor came for his pay, and I let him take all the grain which had been brought, and yet he was not paid.

I had for some time felt ill at ease in the Church of which I was a member. I felt it my duty to devote my whole time to the ministry, but my way had seemed for some time to be in a great measure "hedged up." I had always felt more at home among the Methodists, and should have joined them at first had it not been for opposition. The subject rested heavily upon my mind. I sought Divine direction, and prayed daily to be led by the Holy Spirit. I found upon acquaintance that there were things in the Methodist Episcopal Church which I could not fellowship. I now heard of the existence of the Wesleyan Methodist Connection. Providence soon opened the way for acquaintance and subsequent union with this body. I had been to Binghamton, and was returning. A man with his wife in a carriage over took me, and, as I was on foot, gave me a ride. I ascertained that they were Wesleyan Methodists and had to pass my house. They, on learning that I was a Baptist preacher, invited me to come to their place and hold some meetings. I went and preached, and left another appointment. We had a good meeting. The strangers with whom

I rode, were our beloved brother and sister Judd. I liked the people much. I borrowed their discipline, and on a prayerful and attentive perusal found it to utter the sentiments of my heart. I loved its principles.

In the Winter, their preacher, Bro. Halsey, engaged in a protracted effort at Hazzardsville, and sent for me to assist him. We had a profitable time. The church were much revived, and some were converted.

Bro Halsey informed me that their District Meeting was to be held at Athens in February following, 1848, and invited me to attend with him. I complied, and left my wife at her father's during my absence. We went to Owego, and dined with Bro. Frink. I went with him and preached at an appointment in the evening, and in the morning we resumed our journey, and arrived at Athens in time for the meeting.

Bro. Halsey said to Bro. Frink: "What do you suppose Bro. Fessenden is here for?" Bro. F. answered: "To spy out our liberties I presume." I had not yet divulged my thoughts, but after prayerful consideration determined to make the Wesleyan Methodist Church my home.

I offered them my credentials, and was cordially received—so far as they could receive me;

and recommended to the ensuing Conference. Bro. Porter was there from the State Road circuit, and engaged me to labor on that charge the coming year. I went home with him from Athens, and the manner of our going was sufficiently novel to bear a recital. He was there on horseback, and I had no horse; so he proposed that each should ride half the time. He would get on and ride half a mile past me, tie the horse to the fence and walk ahead. When I came to the horse, I mounted, rode half a mile beyond him, and thus repeated the process, each in turn, till we arrived at his house.

I was somewhat embarrassed on going to this new place—my sight was very poor. I could not read well in the evening, nor in dark school houses. I had always suffered greatly with my eyes, and often wondered that I had learned to read as well as I did. I never could see letters plainly till recently I got a pair of good glasses, and with them I could not see the lines on paper. I feel that in these trials during my life I have always had a Divine arm to rest upon, and the comforts of grace to sustain m . Thanks be to his name for evermore for his mercy to me!

I will now return to my first experience in itinerant life, and glance at myself in these new rela-

tions. I looked about the circuit and found it in a low state, but was not discouraged. I was full of hope and zeal. The brethren desired me to labor with them for the year; yet I had some misgivings at the proposal, because I was not a member of Conference, and if I should be rejected it would place me in an awkward position. They, however, decided to employ me whether received or rejected by the Conference, whereupon I engaged to serve them, and moved my family before the session of Conference, which occurred late in April, 1848, at Owego, Tioga Co., N. Y.

I came before this body with no small degree of embarrassment and surprise; for at the yearly meetings which I had attended in the Baptist Church but few were present, and but little business was done,

I entered a large hall quite well filled with members of Conference; though this body had been in existence but five or six years. I went before the Committee of Examination, with a class of about twenty. I was received, and returned to State Road charge full of animation and anxious to do battle for the Lord.

I continued my labors through the summer meeting with some trials, and in the Fall I was asked to go down to South Auburn to hold some meet-

ings. The brethren concluded to keep up my appointments on the circuit, and let me go. The fields seemed to be white for the harvest, yet the Wesleyan doctrines were little known there. We held meetings in three different places, and there was a good work done at each place.

A circumstance took place at the first point which it may not be amiss to name. One evening I said to the congregation that I should devote the next day to visiting such families as I had not yet called on and the object of my visit would be to talk and pray with them—to talk on the subject of religion, the immortality of the soul, and the final state of the unconverted, if left to finish their course in sin and folly; to pray that God would for Christ's sake forgive their sins.

There was a man living about a mile from there, who never went to meeting, and none of his family were often seen in the House of Worship; but this evening two of his boys were there and reported to their father what I had said. The announcement startled him,—he had kept house more than twenty years, and a minister had never crossed his threshold, nor sat at his table, nor worshiped at his hearthstone. He was in difficulty, and knew not what to do. He

finally resolved to go to the back end of his farm and work all day, and told his folks to tell me, if I called, that he was away ; and thus get rid of my much dreaded presence. One of the boys said :—"Father, one of the horses must be shod, or we cannot use him." "Well," said he, "get him as soon as you can, and I will do it before the minister comes." But Providentially I came up just as he had done shoeing the horse, having two of his neighbors, a Baptist and a Methodist, with me. He was frightened, did not know what to do, and, as he afterwards told me, thought to escape by flight; and after he had taken us to the house was tempted to creep away and leave unobserved, but after a little delay he came into the room where we were, and I opened a conversation with him on the subject of religion, and found him quite ignorant of spiritual things ; and yet he had tender feelings and was easily moved by my appeals. I tried to instruct him, prayed with him, and secured a promise that he would come out to meeting, and left him. The hour for worship came and found him a poor trembling, weeping penitent at mercy's altar.

His wife was at this time in New Jersey on a visit. She returned in a day or two, and said she had not enjoyed her visit. She felt all the

time as though the Methodists were praying for her. She was vexed when she found that I had been there, and said many hard things; but the Spirit was in the meanwhile wrestling with her soul, and at night she came to the meeting and yielded her stubborn controversy, penitently bowed at the mercy seat, and sought till she found "peace in believing, and joy in the Holy Ghost."

"O boon unspeakable! to see ONE soul
Plucked from the burning crater of dispair!
One gem immortal rescued from the quenchless flame!
One conscious spirit saved from endless pangs!
One wanderer rescued from the shades of deepning night!
One captive's dungeon shake, and chains fall off!
One sighing penitent find pardon and relief
One new star deck the Saviour's glorious brow!

This is but one among a thousand of other instances of the sad neglect of duty on the part of Christians and ministers, in not hunting up the wanderer and the lost ones, and leading them to the Shepherd and Bishop of souls. Here was a man who had lived in sin twenty years, without the favor of God, a family altar, or hope of heaven, who, perhaps if preachers had been faithful in their pastoral work, he and his family might, years before, have been "walking in the way of

life." They seemed to labor in vain to express their gratitude to me for my timely call, and many a time have I heard them thank the Lord that they ever found the way to Heaven. O, let ministers "watch for souls," as "those who must give an account."

I labored in these three places for three months, and then formed societies in each place,—those who joined being mostly persons who had been converted during these meetings. I preached, during this time, all evenings but Saturday, and twice each Sabbath; and these were precious seasons to my soul. My heart often sung in the language of the Poet:

> "O, glorious hope of perfect love,
> It lifts me up to things above;
> It bears on eagle's wings,—
> It gives my ravished soul a taste,
> And makes me for some moments feast
> With Jesus, Priests and Kings."

About this time, I attended a Quarterly Meeting for Bro. Brain on, his Charge, Elkland Circuit. We started on Friday; spent the night with a Presbyterian brother; resumed our journey next day, through cold weather and dense forests, and arrived just as the Saturday service was closing. We had a good Quarterly Meet-

ing ; also a Watch Meeting. The spirit of the Lord was poured out upon his people ; and as we religiously looked back over the old year, and solemnly consecrated to God the new one, we rejoiced together in the wonderful goodness of God,—in the ways of his Providence, while together we sweetly drank at the fountain of his grace.

> "And if our fellowship below,
> In Jesus be so sweet,
> What height of rapture shall we know
> When round his throne we meet."

After my return home, I engaged in a protracted effort, at Spring Hill, in which a few had been reclaimed and converted, when my wife was again prostrated by disease. Her sickness was severe, and for a long time we thought her feeble frame must yield, and go into the grave. She finally became convalescent, though she remained very weak during the Winter and Spring, so that I was unable to attend any but my regular appointments.

The young converts, at South Auburn, desiring me to stay with them another year, I concluded so to do ; and at the ensuing Conference, at Seneca Falls, in 1849, I was appointed to South Auburn, and my wife's health having

considerably recovered, we removed from State Road to South Auburn, to a place called Prospect Hill, three miles from Skinner's Eddy.

At our first Quarterly Meeting, the brethren hardly knew what to do: being poor, and few in number, they did not know how they should support their Pastor. As there was a great call for Wesleyan preaching, and as our principles were but little known in these regions, the brethren thought I had better spend part of my time as a Missionary. I did so, and preached the first Wesleyan sermon in many places through that region of country and about Montrose. I had twelve appointments in succession.

My wife was again taken sick, and remained more or less ill until the 26th day of August, when very suddenly and unexpectedly her sainted spirit burst its prison-gates, and soared aloft to join the ransomed throng in glory. She had appeared for some days to be recovering. One of my sisters had been teaching school in the neighborhood, and her school having ended, she said if I would go home with her on Saturday, she would return with me on Monday, and stay until my wife might recover. My companion was highly pleased with the project, and was anxious for me to go, and said to me just before I started: "Nelson, I feel

better, and shall be very comfortable while you are gone."

I spent the Sabbath at my father's, and at the request of friends, preached at 4 o'clock; and while I stood at the altar of the Church, at Little Meadows, just across the road from my present dwelling, "inviting poor sinners to God," my dear and afflicted companion bade a final adieu to this world of "sorrow, grief and pain," for "that bright world above," where

> "Everlasting Spring abides,
> And never withering flowers."
> "No chilling wind, nor poisonous breath,
> Shall reach that healthful shore,—
> Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
> Are felt and feared no more."

Her voice shall no more be heard by mortals, but her notes blend with the breath of seraphs and "angels round the throne." Her familiar tones are hushed forever, and her mild and gentle eye shall no more beam with love, nor shine with the light of kindness.

On my return from meeting, I felt strangely anxious about her, and told my mother that I must start at the break of day for home. About four o'clock in the morning, a rap was heard at the door; I listened; knew the voice, and the

whole truth flashed upon me in an instant! "My *dear, dear* Hannah is gone! She is no more!" "O, my Heavenly Father, prepare me for this hour!"

Language can but mock the feelings of that bitter moment! My apprehensions were too true! We hastened to start, and a ride of thirty miles brought me to my house,—but now no more a home to me! How changed! All that had made that spot cheerful, pleasant, attractive, was now departed forever, and their remained but a cold and speechless form of clay!

Her death was singularly sudden; she had been unusually well that day, and had spoken of being able to visit some before long, in the Society. As she finished speaking, she asked to be raised up. Her nurse lifted her from her pillow, and as she did so, she saw a change in her countenance; she stepped to the door, and spoke to a girl in the other room, and returned to the bed side. But the mortal conflict was ended,—one final gasp, and all was over. Many important events may pass into partial forgetfulness,—the thousand incidents of life, that fill up its busy, ever-changing scenes, may be forgotten, never again to claim attention, nor throw their spell around the soul, but the deep grief of that hour, in which I saw the central object of my tender-

est earthly ties riven from my bosom, and my torn heart-strings left bleeding over the wreck of hopes and endearments, will never cease to greet with its dirge-like requiem the retrospective thought that goes back on memory's swift wing, to waken again the buried recollections of "the days departed." The din of life, and the confusion of its ever-changing activities, may prevent a constant lingering among the hallowed endearments of the past; but amid the most stirring interests of the present, the mind will, *at times*, turn away to reflect Some incident may waken afresh the chord that has not thrilled the soul for years; and touched by the enchantment, the joys and griefs that have long slumbered in the silent charnel of the heart, will come forth in full life again, to throw their spell around us.

One peculiarly distressing feature of this affliction, was the absence of the writer and a large circle of friends, none of whom were permitted to soothe her in the departing hour, nor close her lids when the light of love had fled from beneath them.

My pilgrimage has been lonely without her; but I would not murmur at the ways of Providence, nor wish the saint, in glory, again a pilgrim in tears. She was gentle, kind, amiable

and affectionate, loving and beloved by all, a person of few words, never trifling nor repining. Her sufferings, though severe, were borne with Christian patience, and she was a child of grace, an heir of glory! Peace to her memory.

Her funeral was attended by Elder Sturdefant, Baptist preacher, who delivered a good sermon, from Heb. xii., 25. "See that ye refuse not him that speaketh," &c. He earnestly exhorted a large and affected audience to heed the warning voice of God's Providence in this dispensation. Her body was deposited in the grave yard, two miles below Skinner's Eddy, there to await the "resurrection of the just."

"Lips I have kissed, ye are faded and cold,—
Hands I have pressed, ye are covered with mould,—
Form I have clasped, thou art crumbling away,
And soon in your bosom the weeper will lay."

"Souls of the blest, from the mansions of day,
Look on the pilgrim and lighten his way;
Wing your swift flight to his death-prepared bed,
With visions of glory to circle his head."

CHAPTER V.

LABORS AND DISAPPOINTMENTS IN SOUTH AUBURN,—VISIT TO SOUTH BRADFORD,—A FUNERAL,—REMOVAL TO SOUTH BRADFORD,—LABOR AND SUCCESS.

Our Second Quarterly Meeting was held on Prospect Hill, Sept. 15th and 16th. Bro Lowe, P. M. Mimister, assisted me, and it was a time of refreshing from the presence of the Lord. God's people rejoiced, and were built up, while sinners were pricked to the heart; and many were convicted,—*one* converted during the meeting.

In the Fall, I held a protracted meeting on Fowler Hill;—it was a very powerful and successful meeting; many were converted and reclaimed. Religious interest had nearly gone down in this place. They had no religious meetings when I went there, and it was purely a Missionary ground; but the M. E. brethren immediately crowded in, and started appointments, and while I was gone to another part of the work, they organized a society, and got all the prose-

lytes they could. I continued to preach there, but formed no Church till March. At the earnest request of some, who desired to become members of a Reformatory Church, I organized a Class, embracing, I think, fifteen members.

During the Winter, I held special meetings at White Hill, and also Kinney's School House, on Tuscarora Creek. Many were profited, I humbly trust, by these meetings. I attended a Watch Meeting at Owego, and enjoyed very good liberty in speaking from this text: "If the righteous scarcely be saved, where shall the sinner and the ungodly appear." Bro. Johnson spoke from, "The end of all things is at hand." Prayers and exhortations were lively. All participants in the meeting were blessed, and better prepared for the duties of coming life.

My Third Quarterly Meeting was held two weeks from this time, on the North Branch of Wyalusing Creek. A minister from Owego and Tioga Circuit, assisted me at this meeting, and engaged me to attend his, at Tioga Centre, the next week; and at the close of his, a series of special meetings was held, with some good results.

Soon after this meeting, I went to Stillson Hollow, Windsor, my former place of residence, and

remained over night; and during the night, while I was asleep, the Doctor of the place, to whom I was yet indebted, came with a Constable into my room, and levied on my horse, cutter, two robes, coat and watch---all for $13 00. I had $7 00; and on the Sabbath preached for the Wesleyan Church, at Hazzardsville, and they lifted for me $7 00, and, in the evening, for the Baptist Church, Stillson Hollow, where I received some aid, and was enabled to settle with the M. D., without further process. We had strong suspicion that a *malicious Deacon* had informed the Doctor, and had prompted him to this course from ill-will to me. In a little time I received a letter confirming this suspicion. The third and fourth of March, I attended a Quarterly Meeting, at Canawana, and, on the sixth of March, was united in marriage to Angeline D. Smith, of Tioga, N. Y., whose hand now guides the blind man's pen, prepares his food, softens his pillow, soothes his aching brow, and strews life's thorny path with the flowers of affection, throws around it the light of love and the cheer of kind words. This was to me a day of deep reflection and great solemnity. Not a year had passed, since she, to whom my early vows were given, was taken from my embrace, and I was left to mourn

the loss of her, whose smile was sunshine to my heart, whose sweet piety and Christian meekness, had been to me a monitor in life's reverses and its trials. Now, by the kindness of Providence, I have another, who can share my joys and sorrows,—in whose warm love, and unswerving constancy, my weary spirit can rest, like Noah's returning dove, when, in all this cold and selfish world, it finds no *other* heart that can fully share its burdens and feel its griefs.

The tenth and eleventh of this month, I attended a Quarterly Meeting, on State Road Circuit, and on the 17th and 18th, came to my last Quarterly Meeting, at South Auburn. This was a refreshing, yet very solemn time; for it was supposed to be the farewell greeting between myself and those whom it had been my pleasure, under God, to lead to the mercy-seat, and point to the Lamb of God. A peculiar affection existed between us, such as I suppose only exists between the tender Pastor and his confiding flock.

Arrangements were about made, and I expected in a few days to leave the house of childhood's joys, the romance of youth, and the labors of life thus far, to take up my abode in the far-famed West. A brother, from my Circuit, was going, and I was making ready to accompany him; but

as I was delayed in my preparation, he left me; and the last time I visited my Circuit, the brethren were so anxious for me to remain with them another year, that I abandoned the project of going West; and as it was then too late to go to Conference, I concluded to move at once to the Circuit. One brother told me, if I would move there, he would give me five acres of land. I felt that my work was done here, still I was strongly attached to the people,--desired to get me a home, and the people wished me to stay. They were not very able, and it was the understanding that I was to be their preacher, and not their pastor. A part of my time was to be spent in manual labor.

I went upon the circuit, the 1st of May, 1850. Commenced a joint operation of farming and preaching. The Lord prospered me in my agricultural pursuits. In the Fall, I bought a frame, and moved it upon the lot, and bought lumber to fix it with. I labored excessively in the field, by day, and upon my house, at night, till twelve or one o'clock. At the close of harvest, my dwelling was so far along as to be quite comfortable for winter; I then asked for my deed, and the brother would not give it without a writing to kill the deed, so I sold him the house for about

what it cost me ; and at the end of the year the Circuit had paid me $30, and that mostly in work ; in July, my horse died, and I felt quite poor.

I attended two Quarterly Meetings that summer on Tioga and Athens Circuit, and, towards the close of the year, began to feel some anxiety about a field of labor for the coming year. I was not much acquainted with the Ministers or Circuits ; but finally concluded to leave my wife at her father's, and visit North Bradford Circuit. A strange impression seemed to lead me in this direction. I went to Athens, stopped with Bro. Fritcher ; he directed me to Arminian Mountain. I went to Troy ; was told that a Wesleyan had just gone from there with a coffin ; I overtook him,—found it Bro. Gardner, and stopped at Bro. Burnham's the first house upon the mountain, and spent the night.

The next day, Saturday, I went to the burial with them, and met their minister, Bro. Adams. The sermon was to be preached the next day, and Rev. Adams and the friends desired me to address the people on this solemn occasion ; and I endeavored so to do, by Divine help, from these words : "For me to live, is Christ, and to die, is gain ;" and I felt truly that I was assisted by the

Holy Spirit in trying to present the last part of my subject, and it made a deep impression upon my mind, and I trust upon others. "To die, is gain." But how would it be gain to die? What profit would it be in Paul's case to die? What in ours? Thank the Lord it will be great gain for a Christian to die. He will have exchanged earth for Heaven,—sickness and sorrow, for unbounded peace and joy. Here, sin is ever nigh, and it is the source of humiliation and sorrow: in Heaven, he will sin no more—doubt will be known no more: in Heaven, there will be no enticements to lead him astray, no inducements before him to sin, and no heart to yield to them, if there were. There, he will be delivered from all his enemies, and from suffering, and surrounded by his best friends, he will be associated with the angels of light, and admitted to the immediate presence of his Saviour and his God! Why, then, should a Christian be afraid to die? Here, he is constantly liable to suffering; his health fails, his friends die, his mind is sad: there, there shall be no separation of friends, no sickness, and no tears: there, death will be known no more; no face will ever turn pale; in all Heaven, there will never be seen a funeral procession. Then, why should not the Christian hail the hour of

death as his deliverance, and rejoice that he is going home? Does the prisoner, long confined in a dungeon, dread the hour which is to open his prison, and permit him to return to his family and friends? Does the sick man dread the hour which restores him to health? the afflicted, the hour of comfort? the wanderer at night, the cheering light of returning day? And why, then, should the Christian dread the hour which will restore him to immortal vigor,—which shall remove all sorrows, and introduce him to everlasting day?

"Death is the crown of life:
Were death denied, poor man would live in vain;
Were death denied, to live would not be life;
Were death denied, even fools would wish to die.
Death wounds to cure; we fall; we rise; we reign;
Spring from our fetters; fasten in the skies,
Where blooming Eden withers in our sight.
Death gives us more than was in Eden lost,—
The king of terrors is the prince of peace."

I spoke for Bro. Adams, at two other appointments that afternoon and evening, and the next day went home with him at Granville. I spent about two weeks on the Circuit, and the brethren said they desired to change their Minister another year,—although Bro. Adams had been there three years, and was much beloved by the

people. The brethren requested me to preach for them the next year, and I agreed to do so, and told them to come for my goods at any time when they chose. I returned home, and heard nothing from them until the first day of April, after dark ; then Bro. Gardner came for me with a team ; said they had divided the Circuit, and called it North and South Bradford, and Bro. Adams was to take the north part, and they desired me to take the south portion.

They were left with one class of twenty members, and five of them living in Granville ; did not know how it would be about support, but said they would do as well as they could. I concluded to go, and do the best I could, trusting in the Lord. We packed our goods, and started the next day, and on the third day of April we arrived on the mountain, as they thought best for me live there. We got there Saturday night, tired and somewhat down-hearted, and rose in the morning quite rested ; went to meeting, and tried to speak to the people,—enjoyed very good liberty,—and after sermon we had a class meeting,—and, as soon as it commenced, the heavenly fire began to burn, and we had a good time. It was evident that these brethren and sisters were not idlers in the Vineyard

of the Lord. O, how my heart was encouraged. The next day they were in pursuit of a house for me, as they had not looked for one before, thinking, perhaps I would not come under the circumstances. There was soon a house found, and the brethren and sisters were engaged in helping to put up our things,—and they brought us provision, and we were soon prepared to go to housekeeping comfortably. The next Sabbath, I preached again in this place, and had a very spiritual meeting. In the afternoon prayer meeting was held at my house, and the power of the Lord came upon us ; some shouted aloud for joy, while others wept, and all felt that they were blest.

"My willing soul would stay in such a frame as this,
And sit and sing herself away to everlasting bliss."

After having settled, self and wife started for Conference, in the rain, snow and mud, and arrived at Bro. Douglass', in Penn Yan, on Saturday. Spent the Sabbath, attended his Quarterly Meeting, and had a refreshing time. Brother and sister Douglass were very much beloved by the people in this place ; here also we met with brother and sister Slauson. We staid with Bro. Douglass until Tuesday, and then went on to Conference, in company with Bro. Douglass and

wife, and Bro. Slauson and wife, and arrived at Hopewell, seat of the Conference, the next day, about five o'clock. Found a hearty welcome at Bro. Hayden's, and had a pleasant time at the Conference, and also with this very kind family, —and at the close of the session we found it hard to part with them. I returned to my field of labor, feeling better prepared to enter upon the duties and labors of the year. We organized a Sabbath School, and had a very interesting one; I had procured a new library for them while at Conference. Our prayer and class meetings were spiritual. The sisters had female prayer meetings once a week, which were well attended, and I trust beneficial to many. There were but two established appointments on this Circuit, —one in Granville, where the Wesleyans had service once in four weeks, the other was on the mountain.

On my first visit to Granville, I called upon a good brother, and he told me that the people, especially in the North part of the Circuit, thought me to be Charles Fessenden, the same individual on whose account I once before met with trials. He had once lived in Troy and done wickedly there. The brethren were not prepared to meet this trial; I was nearly a stranger to them, and

they knew nothing about me until I was there in the winter; but very fortunately there were two families living near that had known me well in Newfield, and they were ready to contradict this slander as soon as they heard it; and when the people who were acquainted with this Fessenden saw me, knew that I was not the man, for he was much older than myself. I made other appointments as I saw an opening.

I was assisted at my first Quarterly Meeting, on the mountain, by Bro. Adams; I then attended his, held at the Bodwell School House, in Springfield. At my second Quarterly Meeting, I was assisted by Bro. Chapman, and afterward, I attended one for him at Westfield. In the Fall, I reorganized a class of five members at Granville, and in the Winter, two more were added. In August, I attended a three days' meeting on Bro. Adams' Circuit, held in a barn, on Thompson's Hill; I spoke to the people Friday afternoon. The prayer meeting in the evening was spiritual; I spoke again Saturday morning, and in the afternoon listened to a discourse from Bro. Larison, a Free Will Baptist, from these words: "Let us alone." Sabbath morning, I spoke again to a very large and attentive congregation, and had good liberty while speaking.

In the afternoon, we listened to an able discourse, from Bro. P. A. Johnson. The Spirit of God attended the meeting from its commencement to its close; indeed it was a time of refreshing from the Lord.

Soon after this, there was an appointment for baptism on the mountain. A man and his wife had belonged to the class about three years, and had never been baptized. I spoke from Heb. vi., 1. 2. 3. And there was a man in the congregation, who had been a professor of religion about three years, and thought it not a duty to be baptized; but, while I was preaching, he became convinced that he was living in the neglect of duty, and desired to go forward in the ordinance of baptism. This was one of the most solemn baptismal scenes I ever witnessed.

When I was preparing to go to our second Quarterly Meeting, an old gentleman living near me, sent for me; he was thought to be dying, and he desired to see me. I refer to Rev. John R. Smith. He was taken sick soon after I went upon the Circuit, and had been gradually declining since;—had been a Methodist minister, I think, over forty years, and had traveled and preached much, and in many new places, and endured many trials and privations. I hastened to

his bed-side ; he could only speak a word or two, at intervals, his disease being asthma. He wished me to tell the people that the same Gospel which he had preached to them was then his support, and that it would sustain him in the hour of death ; he also desired me to preach his funeral sermon, and gave me a text to preach from, which may be found in 2nd Timothy, iv., 6, 7, 8 : " For I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith. Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day : and not to me only, but unto all them also that love his appearing."

I bade him farewell, not expecting to see him again alive ; but, on our return, we were happily disappointed in finding him some better. He continued very feeble until a few days after our third Quarterly Meeting, when his spirit took its departure from a world of labor and suffering, to a world of bliss and glory. During this brother's sickness, I often visited and prayed with him, and ever found it good for me to be at his bed side ;—he delighted to talk of Heaven, the

Word of God, and of his experience in the ministry.

I found it a deeply solemn and impressive work to pronounce the funeral obsequies of one who had been so long known and honored as a ripe and faithful veteran of the cross, and who had lived and preached in that place for so many years. Now he had preached his last sermon, given his last exhortation, made his last prayer, I felt that his labors with this people would be a "savor of life unto life, or of death unto death."

In the Winter, I went to Thomson Hill, and helped Bro. Adams in a protracted meeting; and I also visited Westfield again, and they wished me to labor with them the coming year, which I agreed to do, if the brethren on my Circuit desired a change, and engaged to attend their last Quarterly Meeting, and let them know.

Our meetings continued interesting through the year, and quite spiritual. The little class, at Granville seemed to grow in spirit and in zeal every time we met. We had some precious seasons. At our last Quarterly Meeting, the brethren desired me to stay with them another year, and I engaged to do so. Went to Westfield, according to agreement, and informed them that I could not engage with them.

In the year 1852, Conference was held at Seneca Falls. We had a very pleasant session, and I returned home, to my field of labor, with an anxious desire to see the outpouring of the Spirit of God on my Charge before another Conference year should close. O, how I longed to see a Revival! Soon after Conference, I removd from the mountain to Granville. I had made arrangements to preach at this place, once in two weeks, this year, and also at a place, two miles distant, in the afternoon.

At my morning appointment, there was a Union Sabbath School immediately after preaching, during the warm part of the year, which deprived us of class-meetings, and we missed them very much; but finally concluded to try holding our class-meetings in the school house, near the meet-house, at nine o'clock in the morning. At our first class meeting, the Spirit of the Lord rested upon us; we were all blest, and I was better prepared to speak to the people, and the brethren to receive the Word of God. O what precious seasons these class-meetings were to our souls. Our meeting continually increased in interest; members of other denominations began to come in to spend an hour in speaking of their joys and trials, and of the dealings of God with

their souls. I think, in all my christian experience, I never attended more profitable class-meetings than these.

Our meetings on the mountain were good. The sisters commenced their prayer-meetings again soon as the weather became settled, in the Spring,—it was not convenient for them to meet through the Winter season. The congregation at Granville was large, and the interest seemed to be steadily increasing. It was very sickly here through the Summer, and many deaths occurred. I was called upon to preach many funeral sermons.

Our second Quarterly Meeting was held here the first of September, and I was assisted by Brother Paine, of North Bradford; and while he was preaching Sabbath afternoon, I saw indications that the Lord was about to revive his work in that place, and I also thought that there was some then in the house who desired religion, and would arise for prayers if there was an opportunity given after brother Paine got through speaking. I arose and told the congregation my feelings, and said if there were any in the house who desired religion, they might manifest it by rising; and as soon as I had finished speaking, two persons arose all bathed in tears. One of

them was sister to a young man whose funeral I had recently attended. In the evening, four came forward for prayers, and brother Paine staid with me until Tuesday. We had meetings day and night through that week, and the brethren laid aside their worldly business, and gave their whole time and energy to the work of the Lord. I think I never saw a better revival. Souls were convicted, and would come forward for prayers. Soon they would meet with the change, and come out strong in the Lord. There were about twenty souls converted and reclaimed, and nearly all joined our society.

Soon after the protracted meeting stopped, some desired to be baptized by immersion, and the day was appointed for baptism. I think I never saw so much excitement upon the subject of baptism. There were many more people present than could get into the house of worship. We went about two miles to the water, and it was said that about seventy wagons, and nearly all double wagons, and as full as they could well be, went to the water, besides many on foot; yet this was the most common mode of baptism in that place.

A little boy about thirteen years of age, embraced religion in this meeting; and I believe I

never saw a clearer case of conversion. He commenced bearing the cross as soon as he was converted, and as long as I was on that circuit I never saw him unwilling to "stand for Jesus." He was always at class and prayer meetings, ready to speak of the goodness of God. O, how many times my heart has melted with tenderness, when I have seen this lamb of the flock get up with his face bathed in tears, with a heavenly glow upon his countenance, and tell, with so much humility, what great things the Lord had done for him. I have often marked the growth of grace in this child. It was much more uniform than that of many adult Christians. It has often been my prayer that the Lord would preserve him blameless until His coming, and that he may always be as faithful as when I was there.

I never had a greater anxiety for the salvation of the young people, than in this place. There were a large number of them, and they were regular in attendance at meeting, and very attentive --always seemed to listen with interest to what I had to say; and from the first of my labors among them my heart was drawn out after them. I often--yes, very often--carried them to the Throne of Grace; and I was blessed with the privileges of seeing some of them renounce the

world, and embrace the Saviour, and some have since then gone home to glory. I believe that most of the young people, or those that were young when I went there, have since given their hearts to God.

In November, I commenced a meeting for one week at my appointment two miles from the Granville appointment. At first the prospect was doubtful, but soon the interest began to increase, and prospects became more favorable. After a few evenings I asked if there was any one present who desired the prayers of those who had access to the Throne of Grace, and one man arose and said that he desired religion ; said that he had felt the need of it for a long time ; was very glad they were to have a series of meetings, and had resolved to become a Christian. I then asked if there was not one more that would start with this brother for Heaven, and his wife arose, weeping and pleading for mercy. Soon they were made happy in a Saviour's love. I continued these meetings three or four weeks, and there were between twenty and thirty converted and reclaimed.

There was one man about sixty years of age, who attended the meetings very steadily. His wife was a member of a church, and their daugh-

ter had been converted in this meeting. It was evident that he was under deep conviction, and yet he would not yield. He soon became the subject of many prayers. I have seen him change color frequently while listening to the word of God, and made several appeals to him; but still he refused, and the work seemed to stop. One evening I had the impression that he was striving against the Spirit of God for the last time; that if he did not yield then, it would be the last time he would feel its strivings; and two others in the house had the same impression. While I was speaking, he seemed to pass through a great struggle of mind. Soon he arose, and said that he was the one that was grieving the Spirit of God, and that he felt the need of religion, but it was hard to start; but he had taken the first step, and the next one was not so hard. In a few days he was happy in God.

I organized a church of thirteen members in this place, and in the winter I held some extra meetings on the Mountain, which I believe were beneficial to some. As the year began to draw to a close, the people desired me to labor with them another year, which I engaged to do.

I appointed a watch-meeting at the meeting-house in Granville, and sent for brother Paine

to come and assist me, and expected him to be there; but when I got there the house was full of people, and no one present to help me. I thought I would do the best I could by Divine help, and tried to speak from these words; "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits," which may be found recorded in Psalm ciii., 2. I talked about an hour and a half upon the memory and benefits of God, and then after a season of prayer and speaking, I spoke another hour and a half upon the manner in which we should feel in view of these benefits, as the Psalmist says, "What shall I render unto the Lord for all his benefits toward me." We then had another season of prayer and speaking, and such was the interest manifested that the entire congregation remained until midnight, except one wagon load.

Our Annual Conference this Spring was held on the fourth Wednesday in April, 1843. Brother Morse, the delegate, went with me. He was an old gentleman who had joined our Church that year, being formerly a Congregationalist. We had a pleasant time.

I returned from Conference to commence my labors anew for another year, and everything passed off very pleasantly around my circuit.

At my second Quarterly Meeting I was assisted by brothers Chapman and Field.

In September I had a two days' meeting on the Mountain, and brother Field was there to help me; and in October I attended his in Union—returned home on Sabbath evening, and that week started to visit my parents and wife's parents, and her sister, residing in Chenango County.

My health had been failing me for two years past, and this year I felt the effects of poor health. Many times I could hardly fill my appointments. I had been troubled with the scrofula then for ten years; but I now felt its effects more than before, and began to be very much troubled with swellings. During the winter my health was so poor that I was obliged to go to a physician for advice, and was often confined to my bed a week or more with swellings, and was under the necessity of disappointing the people at all my appointments, during the winter. This was the third year of my labors here, and I had never disappointed a congregation until now. My health continued poor until Spring opened, and then a cough came on, and all the medicine I took seemed to do no good.

Our Conference was held this Spring in Royalton, Niagara County, the fourth Wednesday in

April, 1854. I went to it by rail-road. It was a cold, stormy time. I think it stormed every day, and my boarding-place was half a mile from Conference; and I walked back and forth through the mud and wet, and took a severe cold, so that I was nearly down sick all the time. On my return home, I left the cars at Elmira—twenty-seven miles from home,—and, as there was no public conveyance the rest of the way, we walked—and rode when we could get a chance;—but when about sixteen miles from home, I met my wife coming after me with the horse and carriage. I rejoiced to see them, for I was tired out. We returned home, and began to prepare for moving.

CHAPTER VI.

PARTING WITH TRIED FRIENDS—REMOVAL TO WILLIAMSON—LABORS AND ILL HEALTH—DISEASE IN MY EYES—PROSTRATION BY SICKNESS, AND PARTIAL RECOVERY—REMOVAL TO NORTH BRADFORD CIRCUIT—LABORS RESUMED—RELAPSE—REMOVAL TO MY FATHER'S, AND TRIALS WHILE THERE.

I felt that my work was done on this field of labor, yet we found it hard to part with the people. They drew like cords around our hearts. We had spent three years very pleasantly with them, and received many a kind act. When we moved to this Circuit, only twenty-five belonged to the Church; but when we left, their number was seventy-one,—and most of that number added had been converted, or reclaimed, during this period. We found that there was a very strong attachment between these and our souls. We felt that we were parting with friends, and tried ones, to go among strangers not knowing how we were to be received. We had been with this people, both in the Church and out of it, in many

trials. Some had been called to part with friends and we had tried to administer the words of consolation to them. We passed through the neighborhood, and called on as many as we could; and all felt that friends were parting. Many wept bitterly. Indeed, it was hard for us to leave them, especially the very kind family we had lived in the house with, the past year.

Our goods went on the cars, and Mrs. Fessenden and myself snugly seated in our carriage, started for our new field of labor, a distance of one hundred and thirty miles. Four days' journey brought us to Williamson, where we were very kindly received by the friends, and were soon housekeeping again, feeling quite at home among this people.

There were only two appointments here—one every Sabbath morning in Williamson, and the other once in two weeks at Palmyra, a distance of twelve miles. Through the summer I preached once in two weeks at Pickleville, a little town three miles from Williamson. This place was mostly settled by Germans.

My health continued to fail until I was hardly able to walk about. It was as much as I could possibly do, to stand up and preach one short sermon on the Sabbath. Notwithstanding I had

tried several remedies. I received no benefit, but rather grew worse. What to do, or where to go for help, I knew not.

One day brother Britton came to my house; and said: "something must be done, or we shall lose our preacher." He had come to propose taking me to Vienna to see a physician, or to Sodus, there being a doctor there who had been very successful in curing chronic diseases. Not being able to go to Vienna, I concluded to go with him to Sodus the next day if the weather should be suitable. The distance was only six miles, and it was all I could do to ride the distance by lying down to rest on the way. After a close examination the doctor said my disease was a chronic inflammation of the stomach, bowels and liver, and he found that a bunch was growing in my side, which he thought would be a tumor. He said that he could help me, and gave me a prescription; but I had little courage, for all the medicine I had tried before this had done me more injury than good. I gave his medicine a trial, and in a few days saw that it was helping me. When that prescription was gone, brother Britton again took me to the doctor's; and he said his medicine had had the desired effect, and gave me more, and soon I found that my health

was fast improving, and began to fill my appointments again at Palmyra. My health so improved that I could attend to my duties and cares on the charge very well.

The state of religion was rather low, and in the winter we thought best to hold a protracted meeting. Other denominations agreed to come in, and help us. We expected that a Baptist minister living in the place, would assist us in preaching; but he did not, and I labored too hard, being yet weak; and my complaint revived again.

I was still able to labor some, but not without great difficulty and considerable effort.—The brethren engaged me to labor with them another year some time before the session of Conference, which was held in Williamson the fourth Wednesday in April, 1855.

My health at this time being quite poor, the duties of Conference wore upon me, and I was nearly prostrated again. We had a very pleasant session. All seemed to enjoy it very much.

As soon as Conference was over, I was obliged to call on my physician again; did not get well, but kept about, and did some work on the farm, thinking that it might improve my health, but all to no good effect.

In June we went to visit our friends at Tioga and Little Meadows. It was very rainy during our journey, and I took a severe cold; and while on our way home, as we were going down the Cayuga Lake, my eyes began to be sore. At night they pained me much and grew worse. I applied simple remedies to them, but nothing seemed to help them. After I had been home about a week, they were so bad that I went to the doctor for help. He told me that they were bad eyes, but would soon be better. They continued about the same for two weeks, and then I was taken sick with the erysipelas and imflammation of the stomach, and was much worse than people realized. The doctor said unless he could help me immediately, I could not live twenty-four hours, for mortification was taking place. He gave me some medicine, which caused me to lie insensible about six hours, and then I slept six hours. The doctor watched by my bed-side every moment, and when I awoke he said that I would get well. My health did continue to amend for about a week; then I was taken with the intermittent fever, and brought near death's door again. It was in a very busy season. We did not like to call upon those to watch who had to labor through the day, and my wife took care of me nine nights

in succession with very little sleep, and then the doctor took charge of me two nights, and afterward we had more help. The doctor broke up the fever, and as soon as I began to get a little better I had a relapse, and when I began to recover from this, I was brought down with dysentery, and all but the doctor gave me up,—thought it was impossible for me to recover.

I was a long time confined to my bed, and often heard people say, "He cannot get well;" but it did not disturb me. I felt resigned to the will of God, and found his grace sufficient for these trying scenes, although we saw many an anxious and lonely hour. Several nights my companion watched by my bedside, not expecting me to survive until morning.

As soon as I was able to sit up, I was taken with the inflammatory rheumatism, so that I could not help myself at all. I was then almost discouraged, and cannot tell what I should have done had it not been for that ever sure promise: "My grace is sufficient for thee."

I was sick five months; attended meeting twice in the time; tried to talk to the people, but soon became faint and unable to stand up. I had a relapse after going out, both times; but I felt very anxious for the Society, and could not bear

to see the interest abating. When I was taken sick, the congregation was large and regular. I had engaged to preach in the Congregational house at Ontario, every two weeks, in the afternoon, and at Palmyra once in two weeks. I had been to Ontario but twice when I was taken sick, and did not go again. When I had recovered, so as to ride out, the ministers and friends came from Hopewell to Williamson, and held a Quarterly Meeting for me; and after that, Bro. Gregory came out and preached for me three Sabbaths; I then began to try to preach again, but could talk but very briefly for a number of Sabbaths.

My expenses had been such, during my sickness, that I found it very necessary to do some thing to replenish my purse; I therefore went to Auburn, and got some books to sell. It was a cold and tedious Winter, and I was out all I could be, and quite too much for my feeble health. I preached on the Sabbath, and sold books through the week, when I could get out. The congregation had very much decreased, and the interest had waned since my sickness. My health was yet poor, I was hardly able to get about, and my eyes troubled me very much, and withal, I was very nervous;—prospects appeared

gloomy and discouraging to me; yet I labored on as well as I could through the Winter, many times facing the cold and pelting storm over the snow-drifts, in feeble health, to get to meeting, and on my arrival would only find a few, who thought they could face the raging storm to attend worship.

I often wept and prayed over the low state of Zion, and felt discouraged many times. O, how often a word, an act, or even a look, has sunk deep into my heart, that I would not probably have noticed had I been well.

Conference set this Spring, 1856, at Naples. I went to it with my horse and carriage, and a delegate went with me; it was very muddy, and we had a hard time to get along. At the Conference, I engaged to serve North Bradford Circuit; returned home and took our goods to Palmyra, and shipped them by canal. I went into this new field of labor with doubt and solicitude. My health was so poor, that I should have ceased from labor but for the means of support. We waited for our goods until the last of June, but they did not come; I then wrote to know the reason, but got no answer; then went back to Palmyra to look for them, and found them yet in the store house; hired a team to take them to

Canandaigua, and had them sent by rail-road. I was very much disappointed when I went on this Circuit. For two years before it was in a very prosperous condition; but now things were changed very much; it seemed that a spiritual dearth pervaded the whole Circuit; except at one appointment, where I had good liberty in trying to preach, and our class meetings were spiritual. I visited considerable, and sold books; sold a good many Bibles and gave several away. I found about twenty families that had no Bible in the house, which greatly astonished me; I did not think that the like could be found among American people in the country.

In September I attended a Camp Meeting, held on Hector Circuit. This was the first Camp Meeting I ever attended. When within a few rods of the ground, I met Bro. S. Adams, with his smiling face. On seeing me, he exclaimed: "Well, brother Fessenden, I am glad you have come; you will stay until the meeting breaks up, won't you?" I told him I would. With much animation he said: "I told them you would stay, if you come, you never left me yet, and I knew you would not this time." Many of the ministers were intending to go back before Sunday, which caused much anxiety on the part of those that had the

charge of the meeting. It was a heavenly-looking place to me. As we went into the tented grove, they were singing the praises of God, and the impression on my mind was solemn and thrilling. As I entered the encampment, I felt the presence of the Lord; then I felt him in my heart, and that to own and bless. All present seemed to enjoy themselves well. When I sat down, and looked upon the ministers, and saw with what zeal and energy they labored for the salvation of perishing souls; and then looked over the congregation, and saw with what eagerness they listened to the Word of Life, as it fell from the lips of the servant of God, O, how I longed to feel well and strong, as I once had felt, that I might enter into the work heart and hand with my brethren; but instead of that, I was sick, and a little exertion overcame me; I had to be very careful in all my efforts. My eyes were so bad, that I could read nothing, unless very familiar with it

By the help of the Holy Spirit, I tried to speak at this meeting twice, and was blessed in the effort. I felt it a great privilege to try and explain the way of salvation, and to point sinners to the "Lamb of God, who taketh away the sins of the world." I spoke Sabbath morning a little

longer than usual, and, before I got through, felt my strength giving out, and soon closed my sermon, but did not get over it for many weeks. Two weeks after this, we attended the Apalachin Camp Meeting, which was held four miles from my father's. I was sick all through the meeting, so that I did not enjoy it very much, and spent the most of the time at father's. My health continued very poor, and the cold weather affected me very much, and my eyes were painful; at times it seemed that I could not live, so severe was the pain. I kept up the appointments on my Circuit until Winter, and then I was obliged to disappoint the people frequently. Yet, I often went to Church, when I ought to have been at home. Anxiety to do as well as I could, and keep up interest, caused me to put forth all the energy I had.

O, the pain I suffered, it would be impossible to describe; the least smoke, and especially tobacco smoke, or steam, coming into my eyes, would cause me intense and distressing pain; I was often obliged to stay in a dark room a week or two at a time. Many times when I went to the light, it seemed as if hundreds of needles were piercing my forehead, temples, and eyes. I tried every means to get relief, but nothing seem-

ed to yield permanent recovery. I often indulged a hope that I should be able to take a field of labor another year; but when Spring came, I was obliged to abandon the idea; and what to do, or where to go I knew not. Father wrote to me to come home and stay awhile; he thought I could get medical help there; I concluded to go, and wrote, informing the Conference, held in 1857. We packed our goods, and left them in the parsonage at Centerville, and hastened to my father's.

My mind was very much exercised about my inability to support myself, and my dependence on others. But I tried to look to the Lord, and trust in him, believing that after I had done what I could, he would not leave me destitute. I had saved a few dollars from selling books, and the Conference sent me fifteen. During the summer, I attended a number of Quarterly Meetings, where the friends assisted me some. In August, I attended a Quarterly Meeting, on Windsor Circuit, and while there, an ulcer came on the pupil of my eye, which caused me extreme suffering.

Soon after we returned home, we went to Smithborough Camp Meeting, and I was sick all the time there, so that I was on the ground but little. Here I received a sharp rebuke for going

out when in such feeble health. I often went from necessity. And again, I was very nervous, and was somewhat subject to despondency, which had a very bad effect upon my health and eyes; and when I could meet with my brethren, and have a good time, I went home feeling much better although it cost me a great effort to go. It always does me good to try to present Jesus to a lost world; there is, to me, a pleasure in it, that I find in nothing else, notwithstanding it is done in great weakness. I labored through the summer for the recovery of my health, but found no relief. I could not see to walk without being led, except where I was perfectly well acquainted, and had not been able to see to read for nearly a year. As I was passing through Owego, I called on one of the best physicians of that place, and he recommended me to go to an occulist, living near two miles from there, and said that he had wrought some wonderful cures, and would help me if any one could. I went to see him, and he examined my eyes, and said he could make one as well as it ever was, and the other he was not sure that I would be able to see very well with, but could soon take the disease out of it, so that it would feel comfortable. He gave me so much encouragement, that I felt anxious

for him to try his skill, although his terms were high; he charged five dollars a week for board and doctoring. I staid with him a few weeks, and thought my eyes were improving; one of them became quite clear. The doctor thought they would remain so, and I became somewhat hopeful as to the result. He now thought he could cure the worst one, and I continued to receive his treatment. But my means were nearly exhausted, and I was aware that unless expenses could be reduced, I could stay but a little longer.

I therefore concluded to rent a house, remove my goods and go to housekeeping. He agreed, in this case, to treat me for two dollars per week. We enjoyed ourselves much better at housekeeping, but still it was sad and gloomy. My eyes soon became painful, and were worse than ever before; I became totally blind, and my companion had to lead me wherever I went. When I told the doctor I was growing worse, he flew in a passion, but soon became cool, and desired me to remain in his hands another week, saying he could remove the blur. He tried it but failed. We had already paid him many things from the house, and my faithful wife had done much with her needle. Our means were gone!

I went to pay my house rent with the last five

dollar bill I had, and the bank from which it issued had failed, and it was good for nothing. I felt the loss deeply at this time. I went to my father's, and he thought I had better move in a part of his house; I concluded to do so, and engaged a team to move with. When I went back, the doctor seemed very much dissatisfied because I was going to leave him. My feelings, tongue could not describe as we left the doctor's for Owego, bound for Little Meadows. I went there in September, with large expectations that I should have my eyes restored; had spent fifty dollars, and was now blind and sick, and without means of support. It was now December, the eve of a long cold Winter, and what to do, I knew not. I said to my companion as we were going along: *This is a dark time!* I could not tell what we were to do, I felt entirely discouraged. She said to me: "Never fear, I am not afraid to trust the Lord, I have all confidence to believe that we shall be provided for." I asked her how she thought it would be; she said she could not tell how, but felt sure the way would be opened somewhere, and that we should not suffer. Her faith was so strong, that it encouraged mine, and I felt a little comforted.

When we reached Owego, she left me and

went to the Post Office to look for mail, and when she returned, she brought a letter containing a behest of over seven dollars. I had felt anxious to receive a letter from some kind friend, that would speak a comforting word in that hour of deep affliction. And now my joy was complete. I could not think it was for me, but she said ; " O, yes, it is from Bro. Inman ; I told you the Lord would not let us suffer." I could not refrain from weeping. O, what gratitude of heart we felt ! We thanked God, and craved a blessing upon the donator. I had given up all hopes of ever seeing again ; my destiny, henceforth, is to walk in darkness. I had been g for some time to be reconciled to my lot ; but, O, how hard a lot I found it to be ! O, how much grace I felt that I needed to sustain me in this time of severe affliction ! I was unable to sit up more than half a day at a time, and, destitute of means, was going to my father's to stay through the Winter, and then where to go, I knew not. We used the best economy possible, and tried to make the most of everything. I often thought if I had a small place that I could call home, and could settle down, and not have to pay rent, nor move, I should be very thankful ; but had not thought that such a thing would ever be. My

time had nearly expired for the Wesleyan paper, and I felt that, in this time of sorrow, I could not lose so good a friend,—one that came regularly every week, and brought words of comfort and encouragement, and one that had been a constant visitor for ten years. I wrote to the agent for the paper the following letter:

Brother Knight:—I received a letter from our good Brother Inman containing some money for me, just in time to send on for my paper, as the time is nearly expiring. I should not know how to get along without it, though it will never be my happy privilege to see its pages again; neither to search those sacred pages, the Bible—a privilege once so dear to me! Nor will I ever behold the faces of dear friends again; nor any more look forth upon Nature's scenery. No, this world, henceforth, to me, will be a continual night. Yet I am thankful that the sense of hearing is not gone. I can hear the familiar voices of friends. I can hear others read,—though to hear another is not like reading for myself. But if I cannot enjoy the greater blessing, I must be content with the lesser.

Perhaps, many of our friends would like to hear from me, and know how I am getting along. I have nothing very encouraging to say. My eyesight is gone! I must be blind the rest of my life! My health is poor, though I do not suffer so much pain as I did before my sight was gone. Language could hardly describe the pain I have suf-

fered one year past. Happy the thought!—By-and-by our sufferings will all be over, and if faithful to the end we shall have a home in glory. I have enjoyed the privilege of trying to preach twenty-one sermons since last Conference.

I often think amid my afflictions, if I had some little place that I could call home, I would settle down, and be content in doing what little I could. N. FESSENDEN.

Little Meadows, Pa., Dec. 21, 1857.

Brother Prindle's heart of sympathy was moved, and he wrote in regard to it through the paper, stating that "here was a chance to test Christian sympathy. And in the first place, never let this brother be compelled to take the money that has been given him to buy bread with, to pay for his Wesleyan. Some can secure to him this favor, and be made happy in doing thus much for one blind. And about that home something must be done. Brethren acquainted with the facts in relation to this case, consult together, and fix upon a plan, and we are on hand for stock in this enterprise. If we cannot give eyes to the blind minister, let us do the next best thing we can for him."

Brother J. Watson's appeal through the paper was as follows:

"That blind brother—Do not forget him. I

have for some years observed that Bro. N. Fessenden was suffering from a disease of the eyes, and in the last Wesleyan I discover the sad announcement that he is now totally blind! And, while he remains on this side of Jordan, to him it is to be a dark and dreary wilderness! He can say in the language of Milton, as applied to Sampson, 'O loss of sight! thee I most deplore.' We cannot restore his sight; but until he is ready to pass over, we can do a little to make him more comfortable in his dark journey. I would propose that each minister in the Rochester Conference present a subscription in each of his congregations, and among the friends of suffering humanity, as he has opportunity, for the purpose of getting this servant of God a home to lodge in until the Master shall call him from this dark and gloomy vale of tears; and hope that when he comes to leave it, like the blind boy when dying, he will be able to say: 'Father, the darkness is gone; it is all light now!' The amount collected from each congregation, or charge, might be reported in the Wesleyan, and carried in at the next session of Conference, and put into the hands of a judicious committee, who would dispose of it according to the intention of the donors.

"I presume there are persons who do not reside within the bounds of the Rochester Conference, who will esteem it a privilege, in some measure, to be eyes to the blind. They can send their contributions to the agent, or editor of the Wesleyan, at Syracuse, or to N. Fessenden, Lit-

tle Meadows, Pa. Such will find it more blessed to be the giver than the receiver ; and the benevolent Saviour of mankind will say by-and-by, 'Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye did it unto me.'

"Yesterday I presented the subject to my congregation in Ransomville, and got over nine dollars subscribed, nearly six of which have been paid. J. WATSON.

Ransomville, Jan. 4, 1858.

"FESSENDEN FUND."

"BROTHER PRINDLE :—When the number of the Wesleyan with Bro. Fessenden's letter, headed 'Inclosed in Darkness,' came to hand, I wept over it. The same evening I tried to read it to a brother who called in, but found it a difficult task. I immediately concluded that it was a case which demanded something more than tears. I have read that letter, or tried to read it, with some explanatory remarks, to the three principal congregations on this charge, The failure of the wheat crop among the farmers in this region of country, is quite a drawback on their benevolence. Over twenty dollars have been subscribed, and I now send you eighteen of it. You will find a certificate of deposit for fifteen in the Exchange Bank of Lockport, and three dollars in bills. Please credit to Ransomville and Olcott Circuit. The remainder will be sent when collected. Yours, in behalf a bank that cannot fail, J. WATSON.

"Ransomville, Feb. 18, 1858."

As soon as Bro: Ferguson, an old and tried friend, learned by the paper that I was blind, he wrote me the following letter:

GRANVILLE SUMMIT, Jan. 11th, 1858.

BROTHER AND SISTER FESSENDEN:

Dear Friends,—I thought I would write you a few lines this morning, to let you know that we are all in the land of the living, and enjoying the blessings of a kind Providence.

I saw a few lines from you, in the Wesleyan, from the region of darkness. I felt for you, and told my wife and two children, if they would join me, I would send you a little to relieve your present necessities; they responded to the request, and I now send you $5 00, hoping that you may feel the consolation of that Gospel you have so faithfully presented to others, and by so doing have won them over to the blessed Saviour.

You have a warm place in our affections, and we would be glad to see you soon.

Your affectionate brother in Christ,

JOHN FERGUSON.

This letter brought to my mind past seasons of enjoyments and blessings which we had shared together, and revived the strong attachments of other years. Hidden tears came freely! not the bitter tears of sorrow, but of gratitude and joy; for when this help came, I had spent nearly all that Bro, Inman had sent me, and was looking

forward to other wants, without knowing how to meet them. Often when I tried to present my case at a Throne of Grace, the words of the poet seemed to be whispered to me:

"The Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a Shepherd's care;
His presence shall my wants supply;
And guard me with a watchful eye;
My noontide walks he shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend."

My health was so poor, that I was obliged to stay at home nearly all the time through the winter. Bro. Towner, the minister at Little Meadows, held a protracted meeting, and seemed anxious for me to attend when I could. I was not able to go out in the evening at all; but when I could get out through the day, and talk to the people about Jesus, it did me good, although I had to make a great effort to go. I had preached for Bro. Towner occasionally through the Summer.

My old acquaintances and neighbors with whom I had been familiar when a boy, sympathized with me in my sore affliction and destitution and spoke of making me a donation, and Bro. Towner encouraged the project. Bro. Graves opened his house, and the friends met to express their sympathy

in something more real than mere words. Their donations amounted to fifty dollars. O, how I felt for this act of kindness.

The people all seemed cheerful, and enjoyed themselves well: but there I sat, among familiar friends, could hear their voices and recognize them thereby. But, ah, the thought! I could not see them! I must remain in darkness! never more to behold the faces of friends, but as long as time with me shall last, I am to endure continual blindness, while others enjoy the great blessing of sight. I am entirely dependent upon others! wherever I go, another must lead me. O, how many times did my desire go up to him who ever supplies our wants, for grace to support me, and for a divine resignation to his holy will. I thought of the words of comfort and consolation from Bro. Matlack, received in a desponding hour, and I thanked God for Christian sympathy. The following is a copy of this letter:

MY DEAR BROTHER FESSENDEN:

I saw your note in the Wesleyan, informing us that the scenes of sight were hid from your view forever! My lips quivered, and my eyes filled with emotion. To see the sun no more! To be shut in from the beautiful earth! To gaze no more on the smiling group of friends! Oh

my God I inwardly exclaimed, what a privation is this! But God is good.

Sad as is this privation, we may think it of so as to lessen its angnish. How many are allured by the scenes of earth to turn away their eyes from God? How many forget him in the crowded scenes of buisness and pleasure? It may be conceived of as a benefit to some, if their spiritual good is regarded! then may not this be a benefit even to any one whom God visits?

If darkness has become your portion, it is God's hand that shades your eyes. Look up with this confidence, and smile your trust in Him.

To the eye of faith the darkness and the light are all the same.

God is seen even better in the darkness. The dazzling light of earth is unfavorable to seeing God. It is in the shadow of a deep affliction His light more clearly shines.

In this brief manner, I express to you my sincere sympathy.

Before the meeting of your next Conference, I hope to join them in some substantial expression of interest in your welfare. My mite shall not be lacking.

To sister Fessenden, who has become your eyes, I wish to say: Be of good cheer, God will succor thee. Put thy trust in him.

Friends will not be wanting in this hour of need, in the day of affliction. Mrs. Matlack sends love. Affectionately,

LUCIUS C. MATLACK.

Illinois Institute, Jan. 17, 1858.

Many times, in my sad and weary moments, the language of the Poet occurred to my mind, and cheered my drooping spirits :

> "Peace, troubled soul, thou need'st not fear,
> Thy great Provider still is near ;
> Who fed the last, will feed thee still,
> Be calm, and sink into his will."

I had a letter, requesting me to attend a Quarterly Meeting at Windsor, the first of March. My friends were very unwilling for me to go, on account of my health,—thought it imprudent ; but I felt very anxious to enjoy one more meeting with my dear friends at Windsor, and felt that I must make every effort for my maintenance. I did not feel able to go ; but by staying over night on the way, and hoping to rest the next day, I went, and became very tired. We had an excellent meeting ; they had enjoyed a revival of religion in the Winter, and all seemed to possess the life and power of religion.

The brethren wished me to preach for them the next year, and feeling very anxious for the cause of Christ, I overlooked partially my feeble health, and engaged to fill the appointments when able. We were there with a cutter, and the snow was nearly all gone off. The brethren wished me to move immediatey ; as they had not

had a minister the year before, they felt as if they could not do without one longer, and they made preparations to take me home, and help me move. When all were nearly ready to start, I felt strongly impressed that I had better go home first, test my health for a week or two, and then, if able, move. I had not seen the way clear. It had been with great difficulty that I had made up my mind in regard to duty, and we all thought perhaps it would be better to wait a few weeks before we moved.

The road being bad, we had a tedious jaunt, and, when we reached home, I was quite tired out, and was soon taken very sick, and was not able to go out again until May. I then preached for the M. E. minister three Sabbaths; but was unable to leave home again until late in the Summer; and, several times, to all appearance, I was very near the grave. My friends thought I would not breathe again, and I thought that the sensations of death were stealing over me; but God, for some reason I know not what, determined it otherwise, and has seen fit to raise me up again.

When taken sick the last time, I had some fearful forebodings; I felt deeply my dependence. My wants, thus far, had been supplied, and I had

saved enough to purchase me a cow, for which I gave thirty dollars; and now, where anything was to come from I could not tell. Friends were sending money to Bro. Prindle to get me a home, and I could not expect them to supply my present wants.

I was confined to my bed, and suffering the most excruciating pain in my head and eyes, and was out of money; and one day I felt unusually anxious, being very weak and nervous, little things looked like insurmountable barriers; I tried to look to the Lord, and put my whole trust in him. I had presented my wants to Him, and strove to leave them there, knowing that he would do all things well.

At night I went to bed, but not to sleep, my mind was so much exercised, and, after a long conflict, I became more composed; I felt that the Lord would be my helper. The next day I received the following letter:

SENECAVILLE, Guernsey Co., O., May 24, 1858.

BRO. FESSENDEN:

Enclosed you will find a donation to yourself, which I have raised within the bounds of my work (Woodville Circuit). You will accept of the same, as coming from friends, (though strangers) who sympathize with you in your affliction.

Use the same for your own comfort, and God's glory, as your judgment may direct.

Be so good as to acknowledge its reception by return of mail, and in the Wesleyan, if you think proper so to do.

God in mercy bless and comfort you, in your trials and afflictions. May his grace ever sustain you through the ills of life. "Trust in the Lord, and do good, and verily thou shalt be fed."

"Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life." Amen.

I am your Bro. in Christ Jesus,

Our Common Saviour,

EVANS THOMPSON.

I found in this letter ten dollars, which was very thankfully received, and my best tribute to this good brother, and friends of his charge, is a prayer for their happiness.

CHAPTER VII.

AN ACCOUNT OF BUYING A LOT AND BUILDING A HOUSE—MY SUCCESS, BOTH SPIRITUAL AND TEMPORAL—MEMOIR CLOSES, APRIL 25, 1860.

Our Conference was held in the Spring of 1858, at Hopewell, and my mind was again severely tried, this being the second yearly gathering that I had not attended ; and on hearing the report of Conference, I could not refrain from weeping. My brethren in the ministry all had their fields of labor, and could be active in the vineyard of the Lord ; but I was laid aside. I felt that my life of usefulness was at an end, and now I was only a burden to the brethren. It used to be my delight to toil in the spiritual harvest field.

I love to labor for the Lord. It always afforded a sweet consolation, that I could find no where else. I could but exclaim : "O Lord, is my day of activity for thee at an end ! Why is it so ? Why am I so sorely afflicted ? Am I never to open my eyes, and look out upon this earth again ?

Must I grope my way in darkness, and never enter the field again?

While I was thus pondering over my condition, the words of this beautiful hymn were deeply impressed on my mind:

> "God moves in a mysterious way,
> His wonders to perform," &c.

and also the language of this text, found in Isaiah, xl, 27–31:

"Why sayest thou, O Jacob, and speakest, O Israel: My way is hid from the Lord, and my judgment is passed over from my God?

"Hast thou not known, hast thou not heard that the everlasting God, the Lord, the Creator of the ends of the earth, fainteth not, neither is weary? there is no searching his understanding.

"He giveth power to the faint; and to them that have no might he increaseth strength.

"Even the youths shall faint and be weary, and the young men shall utterly fail.

"But they that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run and not faint."

These words seem to apply to all weak believers, and especially to the afflicted, and they refer to doubts and fears, and are adapted to remove them. Of ourselves we are led to believe that God takes no notice of our sorrowful condition. Thus Job in the agony of his spirit, improperly

said: "God hath taken away my judgment;" that is, refused to do him justice, or to defend him from the cruel censure of his friends. The Psalmist intimates similar suspicions: "Will the Lord cast off forever? Will he be favorable no more? Is his mercy clean gone forever? Doth his promise fail forever more? Hath God forgotten to be gracious? Hath he in anger shut up his tender mercies?" But he checks himself for such sad apprehensions, and adds: "I said, 'This is my infirmity.'"

When a Christian is severely afflicted, has a body grievously diseased, has acute and constant pain, lingering disorders preying on his vitals, destroying appetite, depriving him of sleep; when he can get no relief by medicines or operations, and all things unite to depress his spirits, he may be tempted to think his case very hard, and to fear that God has forgotten or forsaken him.

It is impossible to describe all the forms of human woe. Innumerable are the occasions of lamentation and sorrow in this vale of tears, which too often cause even the children of God to go mourning all their days. "But is there no balm in Gilead? Is their no physician there?"

Blessed be God there is a remedy, and the Christian has, in the greatest calamities, cause to say :

"Salvation! O, the joyful sound!
'Tis pleasure to our ears;
A sovereign balm for every wound;
A cordial for our fears."

I was led to meditate upon the greatness, the power, the wisdom and the goodness of God. Consider his power. What said God to Abraham, when he called him, "I am the Almighty God! Walk before me, and be thou perfect;" and when Sarah his wife had expressed her doubt of the promised blessing, how was that doubt repelled: "Is anything too hard for the Lord, the Father Almighty, the Maker of Heaven and Earth?" What cannot he do? "Blessed are all they who trust in him." "There is no searching of his understanding." All his works display a wisdom, a design, a contrivance, that fills us with astonishment and admiration; and we are forced to exclaim: "In wisdom hast thou made them all!" And especially in the work of redemption by Jesus Christ we see "the manifold wisdom of God." Nor is his wisdom less displayed in the dealings of his providence with his people, although it may at times be obscured. His "way may be in the sea, and His path in the

great waters,—clouds and darkness may be round about him; but all his ways are wise and good, and he knoweth how to deliver the Godly out of temptation." When the Israelites were pursued by Pharaoh, there seemed to be no way of escape, but God made a path for them through the sea. When Elijah was in apparent danger of starvation, God sent ravens twice a day to feed him. God can never be at a loss to sustain or to deliver his people. "The earth is full of the goodness of the Lord;" it extends to every creature; but the afflicted are the special objects of it. "He giveth power to the faint," to those who through weakness are ready to faint away and give up all for lost. His gracious power supports them. —And to those "who have no might" of their own, he not only *gives*, but "increaseth strength." Our sense of weakness prepares us for receiving help, so that like St. Paul we may say: "When we are weak, then are we strong, strong in the Lord, and in the power of his might; strengthened with might by His Spirit in the inner man." Yes, God is good. "Truly, God is good to Israel. The goodness of God endureth continually." Here is duty to be performed, and a blessing to be received.

"Waiting upon God," includes his worship;

and he has pronounced a blessing on spiritual worshipers. And it also includes application to him for help, which is to be done by fervent prayer, expectation of that help in answer to prayer, and patient waiting till he shall be pleased to bestow it. Let the afflicted say with the Psalmist: "My help cometh from the Lord." He alone is "help and the shield" of his people. "Happy, therefore, is he that hath the God of Jacob for his help, whose hope is in the Lord his God." The blessing promised is elevation of soul, vigor, and perseverance.

The eagle is a strong bird, and flies high; so believers arise above earthly things. They feel holy desires and heavenly affections, and being "risen with Christ, seek the things that are above, where he is." The spiritual strength which God bestows, enables them to run with alacrity the race which is set before them without becoming weary of the ways of God. The most promising professors, left to themselves, and trusting in their own strength, shall become weary of religion, and follow the ways of God no more; but strengthened by the Holy Spirit, in the inner man, even the most afflicted ones shall still press forward, and be kept by the power of God, through faith, unto salvation.

I feel to rejoice with joy unspeakable for the many rich and precious promises which are kindly revealed to us in God's written word, and I know not how to express my reflections better than to quote a few lines of poetry which seem applicable:

"TO MEMORY.

"Come memory, and paint those scenes
I knew when I was young;
When meadows bloomed, and vernal greens
By nature's band were sung.

"I mean those hours which I have known,
Ere light from me withdrew;
When blossoms seemed just newly blown,
And wet with sparkling dew.

"Yet, ah! forbear. Kind memory, cease
The picture thus to scan!
Let all thy feelings rest in peace!
'Tis prudence's better plan.

"For why should I on other days
With such reflections turn,
Since I'm deprived of vision's rays,—
Which sadly makes me mourn!

"And When I backward turn my mind,
I feel of sorrow's pain,
And weep for joys I left behind
On childhood's flowery plain.

"Yet now, through intellectual eyes,
Upon a happier shore,
And circled with eternal skies,
Youth sweetly smiles once more.

"Futurity displays the scene,
Religion lends her aid,
And decks with flowers forever green,
And blooms that ne'er can fade.

"Oh, happy time! When will it come,
That I shall quit this sphere,
And find an everlasting home,
With peace and friendship there?

"Throughout this chequered life 'tis mine
"To feel affliction's rod;
But soon I'll overstep the line
That keeps me from my God."

In July, there had been about sixty dollars sent to Bro. Prindle, with which to get me a home, and I had a chance to buy a piece of land near to where I was then living, and the neighbors expressed a willingness to help me about putting up a house; therefore I purchased a lot of about three acres for $200, and paid what I could down, and the remainder was to be paid by the first of January.

I then went to work to get a house. It seemed like a great undertaking. The first effort I made was to go to the River, a distance of six

miles, to see if I could procure some lumber; and when I got there I was very tired, feeling unable to ride back; But after taking a long rest, and getting some dinner, I returned home very much fatigued, and thought I should be obliged to give up the idea of building at present. But having good luck in the first trial, I was stimulated to go again, feeling that without perseverance, nothing could be accomplished. I thought I would do all I could, and leave the event with God, and was very much blessed in nearly every effort I made. Almost every one was willing to assist me. Some gave me lumber; some, work; others, provisions or money, trade or something useful.

I commenced my house the last of August, and the last of November had it plastered, and moved into it the first of December. I then had a barn built, which was completed by the first of January.

About the last of August, I attended a camp-meeting in Ridgebury. I did not feel able to go; but thought it my duty to make every effort possible to be useful. Mrs. Fessenden could not go with me on account of my building. I had not been out without her since I was blind, and it was a great trial for her and the rest of my friends to consent to my going. I went in com-

pany with a young man who was going, and was sick and tired all the time while there; but found friends who took the best care of me. They seemed anxious to do everything possible for my comfort. May God reward them with the choicest of heaven's blessings for their many acts of kindness. I was not able to preach while at the meeting, though many seemed anxious that I should, and I felt that it would be a great privilege, were I able to address the people.

On the Sabbath, after Bro. May's sermon, I arose and made some remarks, and spoke of the time when I had enjoyed better days with them —when I could see them; but now all was dark to me. I could no more behold their faces, but could look forward to the future with blessed anticipation when I should see them, and know them, as in other days.

While I was speaking, all seemed to listen with the most profound attention, and I could hear weeping in various parts of the assembly. After I sat down, Bro. High made an appeal to the people in my behalf, and Bro. Paine followed with very affecting remarks, and then the hat was passed to receive a collection for me, and I received $42 in cash, and pledges enough to make up $70. I felt all unworthy to receive such an

act of kindness, and O, how my heart swelled with gratitude, and my desire ascended up to the throne of grace for a blessing upon those kind friends.

I received many a kind word from professors of religion, and unprofessors, as well as many an act of sympathy.

The amounts pledged were by persons scattered over a large part of the country. Bro. Paine took it upon himself to collect them for me. I did not think that he could get more than two-thirds of it at most; but through his perseverance, and great kindness, he collected all except about a dollar. Very many thanks to him for his effort, and for the very many acts of kindness I have received from this much beloved brother! May God, in rich mercy, reward him is the prayer of my heart.

I returned from Camp Meeting very weak and feeble in body; but my spiritual strength had been renewed; I felt more of a divine resignation to the will of God, and I also felt greatly encouraged that I should be prospered in paying for my lot and buildings. All my old friends at the Camp Meeting spoke comforting words to me, which were balm to my heart. I have often thought, if persons knew how cheering one kind

word is to the afflicted, they would not withhold it. The next Sabbath, after the Camp Meeting, I attended a meeting for Bro. E. M. High, about six miles from Rome, and returned quite sick, and kept my bed nearly all the time for a week. In two weeks I attended a Quarterly Meeting at Jessup, and the people helped me some, and seemed to sympathize deeply with me in my afflictions. Here I met with some who were converted in the protracted meeting which I held in South Auburn, soon after I became a Wesleyan. I had not seen them for eight years, and thought I could distinguish their voices.

I preached for the M. E. minister at Little Meadows, a number of times. Through the Fall, I was not able to go far from home, until the last of November,—then I went to Candor, and preached twice, and received some help. Afterward, I preached twice for Bro. Hickock, and he took up a collection for me at each appointment. I had, on other occasions, enjoyed the kindness of this brother. I went to Potterville, and filled Bro. M. Frink's appointments among the Congregationalists; and those kind friends bestowed their charities upon me. I engaged to fill his appointments there again in two weeks, as the people seemed anxious that I should, and I enjoyed

good liberty in speaking to them. I preached in Vestal three or four times, for the Reformed Methodist minister, and there received some tokens of kindness. was not able to go out again until the first of April.

I had received a very kind letter from Bro. McFarland, inviting me to visit his circuit. Accordingly, the first of April, I started with my wife for South Bradford. We got to Bro. Paine's, and he had agreed to go to Erin, to help Bro. Perry in a Quarterly Meeting, and was anxious for me to go with him, which I concluded to do. The road was rough a part of the way, and I became very tired; but we had a good meeting, and I enjoyed very good liberty while speaking, and the brethren gave me the amount collected. We returned to Centreville on Monday, and on Tuesday, we pursued our journey onward to South Bradford. On Saturday and Sabbath, Bro. McFarland had a Quarterly Meeting, on Armenian Mountain. I was glad to enjoy one more season like this with my friends in this place, and as I went into the house, led by my companion, Bro. McFarland threw his arms about me, and exclaimed: "God bless you Bro. Fessenden! God bless you!" which caused me to feel that I was not an unwelcome visitor. I

was soon surrounded with familiar voices, and many of them shed tears of sympathy.

Bro. McFarland preached on Saturday, and I made remarks after him and the congregation seemed very much affected ; there was weeping in every part of the house. In the evening, I enjoyed the pleasure of trying to speak to the people upon the all important subject of religion ; and, after I got through, Bro. McFarland made some remarks and took up a collection for me. Bro. McFarland preached to a large and attentive congregation on the Sabbath, and the Spirit and power of God attended the word. We had a good meeting, all seemed to enjoy much of the divine presence, and I felt to praise my God for the great privilege of meeting with the people here on this occasion.

Tuesday evening I preached at the Meeting house in Granville. Here the people evinced their kindness, by imparting to me some of what God had permitted them to enjoy of this world's goods.

I again returned to North Bradford Circuit, and there came on a dreadful snow storm, so that I was obliged to spend the Sabbath with my good Bro. Paine, which I should have enjoyed very much had I been in better health.

On Monday morning, we started for Conference, which was to be held in Odessa, commencing the fourth Wednesday in April, 1859. When we arrived at the seat of Conference, I was almost tired out, my nerves had become so much excited that it was difficult for me to get any rest. I felt that it was a very great privilege to meet with my dear brethren of this Body, once more. We had a very pleasant and harmonious session, much of the Spirit of the Lord seemed to pervade the hearts of all. On Sabbath morning and evening, there were collections taken up for Bro. Thompson, one of our ministers, and myself, he having been sick about the same length of time that I had. It amounted to about $40, and it was divided between us equally.

When I returned from Conference, I was very much exhausted, having been gone four weeks; but in process of time I recruited somewhat. The Apalachin Circuit not having obtained a preacher this year, I engaged to serve them part of the time, through the summer. I preached in Potterville, Berchardville, Turrell Neighborhood, attended a Quarterly Meeting on Spring Hill, and preached in Ingham town and Wyalusing; and, on the third day of August, self and wife started for Camp Meeting, at Smithborough.

We staid there until Friday morning. The meeting increased in interest, though the weather was, a part of the time, very unfavorable. I tried, by Divine help, to speak to the people on Thursday afternoon; enjoyed the effort well, and the people listened attentively.

Friday morning we left for the Ridgebury Camp Meeting, and went on to the ground Saturday morning. Bro. Paine, seeing us coming, came to meet us, and said: "the Lord bless you, I am glad to see you here." They were enjoying love-feast,— the spirit of the Lord was with the people. I sat down and listened to those who were talking. O, how my heart was cheered, as I now and then heard the voice of some familiar friend whom I had heard in days gone by, witnessing for the Saviour. I rejoiced to hear them say that they were on the way, and the road grew brighter and brighter. The meeting was attended with much interest, and quite a number of conversions.

I spoke to the people on Tuesday afternoon. The meeting broke up on Wednesday morning, and the hour of parting was a deeply solemn time. Many of the unconverted wept and promised to seek the Lord. We left here for Millport, and

spent the next Sabbath and the week following with Bro. Inman ; was quite ill while there.

The Havanna Camp Meeting commenced on Wednesday, and we attended it all that I was able to. I spoke to the people once at this meeting, though with great weakness ; I felt unable to be engaged actively in the meeting, and for this reason did not enjoy it as my brethren did ; much of the time I was not able to be on the ground at all. I went from here to Hopewell, and spent the next Sabbath. They had a Quarterly Meeting there, and it was one of deep interest ; the brethren were enjoying the life and power of religion, and here I met with some of my Williamson friends. They were very anxious for me to go there and spend the Sabbath. My health was so poor, I had thought I must go home ; but finally concluded to comply to go to Williamson and spend the next Sabbath. I enjoyed the privilege of meeting with old friends that I never again expected to see in the flesh. But the Lord is good, and bestowed many blessings upon us. I spoke Sabbath afternoon to a good congregation, after which I received some tokens of kindness and sympathy. From here I went to Seneca Falls, and spent the next Sabbath.

We arrived at Bro. Knight's on Friday. I was able to sit up but little, yet tried, by the help of the Lord, to speak on Sabbath evening, although I had to make a great effort to do so. I felt very feeble when I commenced speaking, but looked to the Lord for help, and asked him to bear up the tenement of clay once more, so that I could talk to this people. I left here on Monday morning for Springport, to visit my older brother, who resides there—distance nine miles. I felt unable to ride that distance, and when we got about half a mile I thought I could go no farther; I felt great depression, and thought I could not live. I asked the Lord to give me strength to get home once more; he heard my prayer, and after a short time I felt some better, and rode to my brother's, without suffering as much as I had expected to on starting. I was obliged to stay at brother's a week, Mrs. Fessenden being sick.

On Tuesday evening, I held a meeting at the Christian Church, and walked a few rods to get there, and was obliged to lie down on the sofa some time before I had strength to preach. On Sabbath afternoon, I had a meeting at the Presbyterian Church, and, on Monday morning, felt some better, and started for home; and on the

third day arrived home, sick and tired, but felt very thankful to God for his preserving care over us. We had been gone between seven and eight weeks, had traveled over two hundred miles, and had staid but one night among strangers. The people had been very kind, they had helped me at each Camp Meeting, and in every place where I preached they took up collections for me, so that when I got home I had enough to pay all that I was owing, and had a little left to supply my wants. I thought that I should not be able to make another effort through the Winter, but my health soon began to improve, and I felt better than I had before in three years.

I was much encouraged; thought I should again get my health; I felt as if I could bear my blindness very well, if I might enjoy good bodily health. After I returned home, I preached again for the Apalachin Circuit; and when at home, in November, I went to Candor, and preached twice at Bro. Wm. L. Fessenden's appointment. I then went to Coventry, to visit my wife's sister, and spent two Sabbaths there; preached for the M. E. minister, and he very kindly gave the people an opportunity to do something for me, which they cheerfully did.

On my return home, I had a meeting five miles

from Binghamton. I next went to Dryden, and preached for the Presbyterian minister; and at one o'clock, went to Peruville, and preached for Father Eastham; and on Tuesday evening, I preached for Bro. Bingham. Had a very poor time, and felt much mortified over the effect. I preached for him again Saturday afternoon, at a Quarterly Meeting, and enjoyed very good liberty; here I met with Bro. Bush.

Sabbath morning, I preached for the M. E. minister, in Groton Hollow, and at Peruville again in the evening. I went thence to Blodgett's Mills, and had a good meeting Tuesday evening, thence I went to Cortland, left my horse, took the cars alone, and went to Syracuse. This was the first time I had tried to go any where alone, but I got along very well. I spent the next Sabbath there. In the morning, I was at the Plymouth Church, and, in the evening, I preached for Bro. Betker, at the Wesleyan Church. I returned on Tuesday to Cortland, and on Wednesday we started for home, having received aid at each of these places.

The first day our progress was slow, for we were with a carriage, and the snow was deep; but the next day we found better wheeling, and soon arrived at our journey's end; but I was

very tired—had taken a severe cold, which caused the pain in my head and eyes to be more severe.

I next went to Warren, and preached in the Presbyterian Church in the afternoon, and in the evening, at the F. W. Baptist Church, in Bowing Hollow.

The next Sabbath I preached for the M. E. minister at Vestal Corners, and in the evening, for the Baptist minister of Vestal Centre, and the next Sabbath, in the afternoon, I preached for the Presbyterian minister, at Union, and in the evening, for the M. E. minister.

The next week I went to Montrose. On Friday evening I preached in Tailor Hollow, Sabbath morning, in the M. E. Church, at Montrose, and, in the afternoon, at the Presbyterian Church. At these places I found sympathizing friends, and some assistance. May God, in his goodness, reward and bless them.

While at Montrose, my head and eyes troubled me very much, and I returned home sick,—unable to go out again for two weeks. The next place I visited, was Tioga Centre; preached there on Tuesday evening, then went to Smithboro, and preached about three or four times. I preached once for Father Sniffen, and the people

were very kind, and seemed to sympathize with the afflicted.

The next Sabbath I preached on Bold's Hill. March 17th and 18th, attended a Quarterly Meeting on Apalachin Circuit. We had a very good meeting. The brethren seemed to take hold in earnest and in faith.

The next Sabbath, I preached at Little Meadows in the forenoon, and on Bold's Hill in the afternoon; and the next Sabbath, at Little Meadows again.

On Monday, the 2nd of April, I started for Syracuse to attend the Syracuse Conference. My friends took me within five miles of Binghamton, and on Tuesday at six o'clock I took the cars, accompanied by Bro. David Barton, and arrived there at half past ten, very much fatigued; and Bro. Barton went to the Book Room to ascertain where we should go for rest and refreshment. They sent us about a mile from the session, where the people were not expecting company. I was scarcely able to walk that distance, and was obliged to lie down and rest before dinner. We then returned to the Book Room to ask another home, and I found a good one with Bro. Adams, and soon became rested.

On Friday noon, Mrs. Blewer, a friend of mine,

came to the Book Room, and invited me to go to her house, and I went, and staid until Monday morning, when I returned on the cars to Binghamton. My folks met me here, and we reached home at eight o'clock in the evening.

I had felt a great anxiety to attend the Syracuse Conference, having never been present at its sessions. Some thought I might secure a field of labor there, and desiring to work in the vineyard, I wished if possible to find such an opening.

April 14th, 1860, was the birthday of our only child—a son. To me in my blindness, this was an event of strangely thrilling interest! What would I give to open my eyes, and look upon the face of this our offspring! I trust he is sent as a blessing,—perhaps to cheer me in my lonely hours, and I trust we may have grace and fortitude to "train him up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord," and may he prove a comfort and a blessing to us in coming years.

I have caused this brief sketch to be written—presenting my life as fully as memory can reproduce it,—hoping that it may interest some who have known and sympathized with me in my affliction; strengthen some weak ones, and afford comfort to some sorrowing and chastened ones. I now with much solicitude permit it to go forth

to the public. I will try to keep records of the future until my days shall end, and if friends in different parts of the world desire to, they may know my passage through the trying and meandering scenes of life.

Let me entreat those who enjoy health and strength, and have not as yet been called to any severe trials, to remember that in this world we must not expect to be wholly exempt from affliction; but trusting in God's support, convinced of His kindness, and hoping for His mercy, let us all whom he visits with affliction endeavor to bear it with patience and resignation, in order that it may answer the great end for which it was designed—yielding the "peaceable fruits of righteousness"—correcting our faults—purifying our minds—and "working out for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory."

May God help the readers of this memoir, to resign their souls to God, that I may meet them where we shall part no more.

APPENDIX.

BRIEF SKETCH UPON A TEXT, FOUND IN 2 Tim., iv., 6, 7, 8.

"For I am now ready to be offered, the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith: Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give me in that day: And not to me only, but unto all them also that love his appearing."

"For I am now ready to be offered."

1st. The Apostle's real attachment to Christ, willingness to be sacrificed or put to death, he having formed this attachment to Christ on his espousal with him. He says: "I wish to know him, and the power of his resurrection, and the fellowship of his sufferings, being made conformable to his death." That I may know him, that I may be fully acquainted with his nature, his character, his work, and with the salvation which he has wrought out.

It is one of the highest objects of desire in the mind of a Christian to know Christ, and the power of his resurrection, (that is) to understand

and experience the proper influence which the fact of his resurrection shall have on the mind. And that influence, when felt, imparts the hope of immortality, sustains the soul in the prospect of death, by the expectation of being raised from the grave in like manner as he was, and raises the mind above the world. There is no one truth that will have greater power over us, when properly believed, than the truth that Christ has risen from the dead. Yea, says Paul: "If I be offered upon the sacrifice and service of your faith." He had labored for their salvation, had exposed himself to peril, that they and others might have the gospel. On their account he had suffered much; he had been made a prisoner at Rome, where there was a possibility, if not a probability, that his life might pay the forfeit of his labors in their behalf; yet, he would have us understand, if even this should happen, he would not shrink, but meet death with fortitude, for the sake of him who, in due time, "died for the ungodly." Paul says in another place: "I am in a strait betwixt two, having a desire to depart, and be with Christ, which is far better;" as much as if he had said, if left to myself, I should not know which to choose; whether to live longer upon the earth, or to die and be with

Christ. We may remark on this expression, that the true reason why he wished to be away, was his strong love to Christ; his anxious wish to be with him; his firm belief that in his presence was fullness of joy.

Paul believed that the soul of the Christian would be immediately with the Saviour at death. The soul does not sleep at death. Paul expected to be with Christ, and to be conscious of the fact, to see God, and to partake of his glory. The soul of the believer is made happy at death. Such were evidently the views of Paul, as he contemplated the death of those who "die in the Lord."

Some suppose that the sentence had been already passed upon him, or he would not have spoken thus positively. In the language of our text: death, to a good man, is the termination of every trouble; it puts him beyond the reach of temptation. God has promised to be with the righteous, even unto the end: as the Psalmist says: "For though I walk through the valley and shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for thy rod and thy staff they comfort me." Jesus Christ has taken away from him the sting of death, and he is introduced into a state of felicity, prosperity, blessedness,—the joys of Heaven.

The time had come for Paul's departure, and he was ready to be offered. O, that all might be able to say, like Paul, feeling the happiness which he felt, and rejoicing in the hope that he had—which is like an anchor to the soul, both sure and steadfast, reaching to that within the veil—when about to be separated from this world, from earthly friends, "I am now ready to be offered, I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith."

Paul evidently felt that the time for his departure was at hand; the time for him to go to his great reward, the time of departure from his labors and trials, and from his friends. Paul lived as all Christians should live here: as straners and pilgrims, knowing that this is not our abiding home. The places which we now occupy will soon be occupied by others; the stations we now fill, be filled by others. Paul speaks of his departure, as a journey. Job evidently had reference to this fact, when he said; "When a few years are come, I shall go the way whence I shall not return." If anything is to be done, if preparation is necessary for this journey, it must be made at once; there can be no delay, for the time is uncertain when we are to take this exit. And, as we are to go but once, and cannot re-

turn again, all necessary preparations should be made now : one cannot come back to repair the evils which he has caused by a wicked life, nor to seek pardon for unforgiven offences. How necessary the preparation for Heaven ! "Be ye also ready, for in such an hour as ye think not, the Son of Man cometh."

In Heaven, the Christian is freed from doubts and temptation. Here, no one knows when he may be tempted, nor how powerful the temptation may be. In Heaven, there will be no allurements to lead him astray, and no heart to yield to them if there were ; he will be delivered from his enemies and from suffering. Here he is constantly exposed to them ; his health fails ; his friends die ; his mind is sad ; but there, there shall be no separation of friends, no sickness, and no tears.—"And there shall be no night there."

> "There I shall see his face,
> And never, never sin ;
> There, from the rivers of his grace,
> Drink endless pleasures in."

2nd. "I have fought a good fight ; I have finished my course."

He had been faithful to the Captain of his Salvation ; had never deserted him since he en-

listed under the blood-stained banner of this Prince, or pledged his allegiance to him.

He had girded on the whole armor, and stood firm and unshaken, and the weapons of his warfare were not carnal, but mighty to the pulling down of strong holds; he had never swerved from duty, or from bearing the cross, in the most severe ordeals; his aim was not honor, nor wealth, but to do the will of his Divine Master; he had an unshaken constancy to the end; never shrank from what God bade him do, although he faced the most bitter storms of persecution; was brought before the Jewish Sanhedrim; he, with Silas, was in prison, their feet made fast in the stocks, yet they prayed and sang praises to God, and their prayers were answered: the prison was shaken, and their fetters fell off; he was in journeyings often, in perils of waters, in perils of robbers, in perils by his own countrymen, in perils by the heathen, in perils in the city, in perils in the wilderness, in perils in the sea, in perils among false brethren: in weariness and painfulness, in watching often, in hunger and in thirst, in fastings often, in cold and nakedness. He says: "Of the Jews, five times received I forty stripes save one: thrice was I beaten with rods; once was I stoned; thrice I suffered shipwreck;

a night and a day I have been in the deep." But, amid all these afflictions, he was ever faithful in bearing his unequivocal testimony against all wrongs; and now, as the time drew nigh for him to die, he had no cause to regret his course of life; he did not wish his purposes had been different, nor his zeal and sufferings less.

To the faithful minister, the close is the most joyful period of life; evils natural and moral are behind, and all before is blessings and glory. If it was Paul's duty thus to live, it is no less that of every Christian! No believer, when he comes to die, will regret that he has been faithful to the Captain of his Salvation. Should godly ministers, or private Christians, in the hour of death, be absent from earthly friends, they will not be alone; that friend who loves them, and can do for them infinitely more than all others, will be with them, and when flesh and heart fail, he will be the strength of their heart, and their portion forever.

He had finished his course, his contest with the world, the flesh, and the devil.

Dr. Clark, thinks that this may have reference to the ancient foot-games. He started for the prize—had come up to the goal—out-stripped all his competitors and gained the prize. Paul says,

in Corinthians, "I therefore so run, not as uncertainly."

In the foot course, in those games, how many soever ran, only one could have the prize, however faithfully they might run; therefore all ran uncertainly; but it is widely different in the Christian course. Here, if every one who continues "faithful unto death," as he ought, he shall "receive a crown of life." Paul did not run uncertainly, he ran sure of the prize, not as many run, but assured that he would come off conqueror through the blood of the Lamb of God which taketh away the sins of the world. He had arrived at the goal, and won the prize; his last struggle with the world, the flesh, and the devil, are at an end; he struggled hard, and overcame in a most honorable cause.

How cheering for the professed Christian, or faithful minister, when he is about to pass the line of worlds, to be able to say as Paul did: "I have fought a good fight; I have finished my course, and come off conqueror through Him who hath loved us, and have overcome through the blood of the Lamb, and the word of his testimony."

3rd. I have kept the faith, that is, the faith of the Gospel. Paul had kept this faith as a

Christian and a minister. The same gospel that he had preached to others, he believed, obeyed and trusted in. The same faith that he exercised on receiving his justification, he had kept. As he "received the Lord Jesus," so he "walked in Him." He evidently taught this faith to others, and says: "Ye being justified by faith, have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ."

It is not my design to preach a sermon on faith, but simply to give a few ideas upon the faith which Paul had, and the faith which every Christian has.

He that believeth, that is, believeth the Gospel, accredits its truthfulness, and rests his fate solely upon it, has faith. In a word, faith is feeling and acting as if there were a God, a heaven, a Saviour, a hell; and as if we were sinners, and must die, and deserve eternal death, and were in danger of it; and in view of all casting our eternal interests on the mercy of God in Christ Jesus. Paul evidently had saving faith, and that faith he kept unto the end. It is not only a good thing to have faith, but a great thing to have the faith of *assurance*, and the faith of *reliance*. The Apostle Paul says: "Faith is the substance of things hoped for, and the evidence of things not seen," and it is a firm belief of

God's testimony, and of the truth of the Gospel, which influences the will, and leads to an entire reliance on Christ for salvation. Without faith it is impossible to please God. Faith looks forward also to the realities of another world. We cannot see the things of eternity. We cannot see God. There has never been an angel from heaven to tell us of the crowns of victory and the harps of praise which are there. Nor have our friends who have gone to that land of rest, ever returned. Yet we look forward by an eye of faith and get a glympse of the Promised Land. There is a God. Man should believe it, and fear and love him and seek his favor. The Lord Jesus Christ died to save him, and he should believe all this and act accordingly. This is a fact in regard to those who walk by faith, and not by sight. The Christian hopes to be admitted into heaven; to be raised up from the tomb; to be made perfectly free from sin; to be everlastingly happy; and he allows these things to control his mind as if they were a most affecting reality How many can say with Paul, "I have kept the faith?" Have we in *all things*, and under *all circumstances*, kept the faith? Is it not just as necessary for us to keep the faith as it was for Paul? Would it not be our wish to look back upon our

past lives, when about ready to depart this life, and feel to say as Paul did: "I have kept the faith?" How many now feel that they could adopt this language, if they were now called to leave the shores of time. Alas! I fear that too many will be found unbelieving. Unbelief is the great sin of the Church. We have too little confidence in God. For want of faith, the Israelites were shut out of the Promised Land, and the same want of faith or confidence in God will exclude us from heaven. "Let us then therefore fear lest a promise being left us of entering into his rest, any of us should seem to come short of it."

In the last place, I shall speak of the reward which is in reversion for God's faithful followers.

Paul asserts in the text, "Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give me at that day, and not to me only, but unto all them that love his appearing."

"Henceforth," or forward from this time, "there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness."

This gives us to understand that the promised blessings are already prepared, and are kept in reserve for us, and on our arrival there we shall receive the crown, which the righteous Judge has in readiness for us. Not such a crown as

was given to the ancients as a reward for winning the race; not a crown of laurels, nor of flowers that will fade away; not such a crown as was worn by kings and sovereign princes; not such a crown as the Saviour wore, a crown of thorns, for these were all corruptible; but in opposition to these, the Apostle says that he contended for an incorruptible crown, a crown that never fades—the heavenly inheritance. And he sought not worldly honor, but that honor which comes from God.

It is not on account of our worthiness nor anything that we have done, that we receive this crown; but it is through the worthy name of Jesus. It is not of debt, but a reward of grace; for it is by the grace of God that even an apostle is fited for glory, and this reward is for the faithful. It is given not only to apostles, but to all those who love the Saviour's appearing.

The faithful Christian is evidently looking forward with blessed anticipations to the time when the Saviour shall make his appearance. As Peter said, "Hope to the end for the grace which shall be brought unto us at the revelation of Jesus Christ,"—the favor which shall be bestowed upon us. We shall be declared his in the presence of an assembled world.—He will say to us, "Come ye blessed of my father: inher-

it the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world." We shall be called "kings and priests of God" to live and reign with him. We shall receive the "palm of victory," the "robe of righteousness," the "crown of glory," and be permitted to sing with the "one hundred and forty and four thousand" which were "redeemed from the earth." There we shall be permitted to greet our best friends. Our Saviour is there, and our affections should be there; for we have a building above, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. We are now away from this blest inheritance which is reserved for us in heaven; but are journeying toward it with the sweet assurance that if we love his appearing it shall be ours to enjoy that "rest which remaineth for the people of God."

The Apostle Paul says: "Not for me only is there a crown laid up, but for all who love his appearing." The question then for each to settle in his own heart is this: "Do I love his appearing?" Let us therefore watch, "for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of Man cometh." God will come at death and at his second advent into the world. Perhaps the Apostle had reference to his approach at death. Are we looking and waiting for the Saviour to come? It is the privilege of all Christians to live so near to God

that the hour of his delay will be long and tedious, and he will feel to say in the language of the revelator : " Come, Lord Jesus ! Come quickly !"

There is in the heart of every child of God an aspiration after holiness—perfect holiness, bliss and heaven. If we truly love the appearing of the Son of God, our Saviour, as the Apostle did, we shall, at the approach of death " turn and go to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon our heads, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away."

How different are these rewards from the rewards of earth. The poorest of us may have a right to wear this crown—a right to the heavenly inheritance. What a consolation it will be to our friends when we are summoned from earth, to hear us say with the Apostle : " There is a crown laid up for me, and not for me only, but for all who love his appearing."

> " To patient hope the prize is sure ;
> And all who to the end endure
> The *Cross*, shall wear the *Crown*."

" Be thou faithful unto death and I will give thee a crown of life."

May each reader receive that crown, for Christ's sake. Amen.